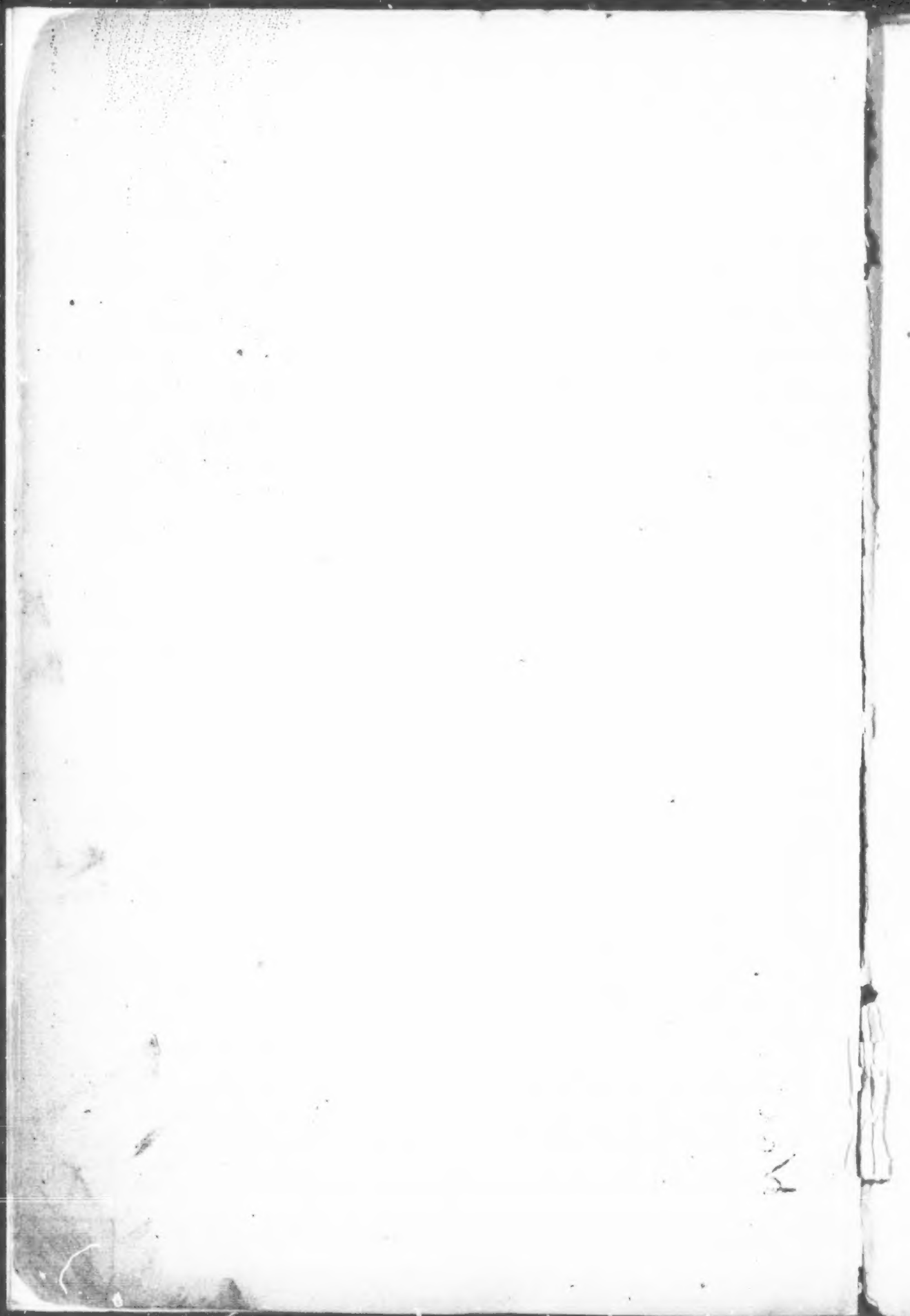


A TRIP
TO THE
UNITED STATES
AND
CANADA.



A TRIP
TO THE
UNITED STATES
AND
CANADA: 1718

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY
EDWARD W. WATKIN.

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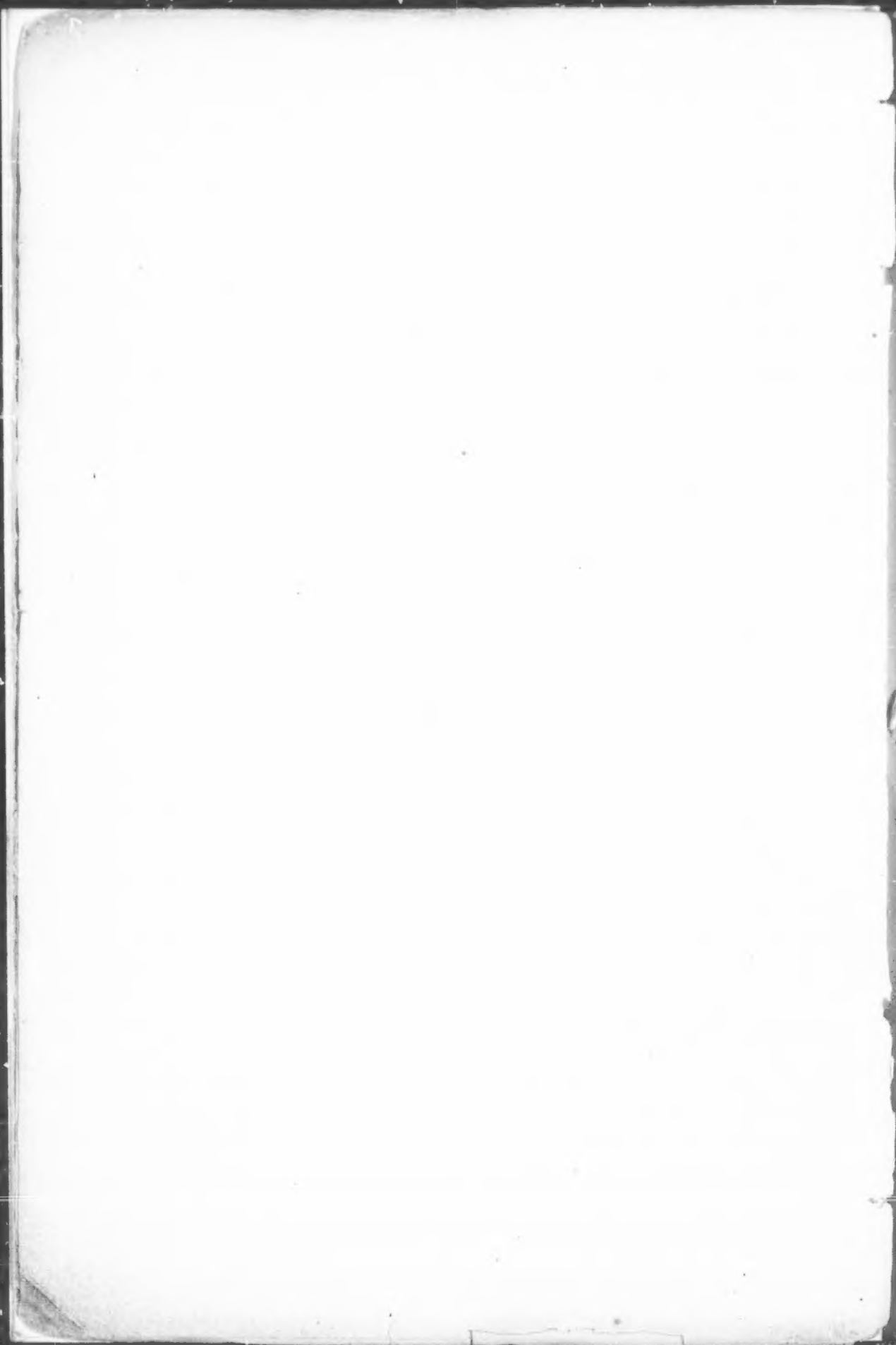
TO

GEORGE CARR GLYN, Esq., M.P.,

Chairman of the London and North Western Railway Company,

FROM HIS OBLIGED SERVANT,

EDWARD W. WATKIN.



INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE presumed to think that these hasty Letters, destitute as they are of all literary merit, written during a visit to the "New World," may be, just now, worth presenting to "everyday sort of people" like myself, who have little time to travel; and, unable to do both, would rather watch the free growth of a new country, than observe the decadence and decrepitude of old ones. For just now, when a large part of our labouring population is strangely awakening to the impression, that a dollar a-day and a vote at elections in the United States are better than eightpence a-day in Ireland; the New Home to which our fellow-countrymen are thus flocking—and in which, somehow or other they prosper and are independent—is especially interesting.

Steam navigation and Railways have so far reduced the difficulties and uncertainties of Western travel, that it is now as easy and as cheap to spend one's autumn holidays, as I have done, in a trip to America of some eleven thousand miles out and home, as fifteen years ago it was to get to John o'Groat's and back by land conveyance, or to go a-

shooting in Sutherlandshire—which, by the by, is an out of the way and dismal sort of county even yet.

Every one ought to know how easy it is, and how pleasant and instructive, to travel in the States. But, though many people do know this, the plague of English travellers which annually overspreads Europe, from July to December, and disturbs even the quiet of the Nile, has hardly touched America. And while one cannot enter the drawing-room of any decent house without hearing descriptions of scenery and manners in Germany, Italy, or Russia,—to have visited America almost involves some commercial connection with that country. Yet no other land in the world has so close an alliance with our own; and, while we are culpably ignorant of almost every thing but its peculiarities and its vices, no other country studies our history, and watches our progress, with greater interest or more solicitude. Any English youngster will tell you that Americans speak through their noses, spit, and hold slaves; but how few, even of the most intelligent, know that better English is spoken by the mass of American, than by the majority of English citizens, and that education is practically an institution of the United States, and universal; though at home it hardly exists as a system, and can never be extended in any truly national direction without exciting a war of parties! Be the reason what it may, we have been in the habit of looking down on America. We shall soon perhaps have to look up to it.

It is but sixty-two years since the foundation of the Republic. It then consisted of thirteen small states. It now comprises twenty-nine states; without reckoning the new

dominions of Oregon, California, New Mexico, and Texas. Ten years ago its area was 2,000,000 square miles, or more than 1,300,000,000 of acres. That area has become, in 1850, 3,252,689 square miles, or 2,081,717,760 acres. It is thus nearly thirty times the size of Great Britain and Ireland.

The Republic now possesses an ocean coast of 5140 miles, viz.,—1920 on the Atlantic, 1620 on the Pacific, and 1600 on the Gulf of Mexico.

Its population in 1790 was less than 4,000,000; in 1840 it stood at 17,000,000; it is now 25,000,000. And if its vast territory, with a more productive soil, and greater resources of all kinds, should some day become as thickly peopled as our own island, it will then contain a population of 800,000,000 of souls speaking the English tongue. If the Federation hold together in peace, why should this result, though distant, be doubtful? For it now comprises almost every variety of soil, climate, vegetable productions, and mineral wealth. Its 20,000 miles of river and lake navigation—its 10,000 miles of railway—its 4,000 miles of canal—and its 11,000 miles of telegraphic wire—connect every part of its vast territory together, and give to an interminable continent the compactness of a small island. The facilities of communication, too, place at the command of the people of one part of the country the climate of every other. When the thermometer is below zero at New York, a journey of three days will bring the traveller to Savannah, where a genial temperature of 60 degrees, clear skies, and verdant nature, await him. And when a scorching sun is filling New Orleans with fever, the cool weather of the North,

and upon the great lakes, is healthy and delightful. The apple bloomed at Natchez in 1850, as early as the 24th March; while at Montpelier, in Vermont, it bloomed on the 10th June. The distance between the two places is but three or four days' travel.

One can hardly name a staple article of production which some part or other of the States will not grow—not as a mere garden curiosity, but as an article of profitable cultivation. The champagne of Cincinnati is beginning to be noted, and tea is under experimental cultivation in South Carolina.

The mineral resources of the country are enormous; and their development is only limited by the present want of capital to work them more efficiently. The coal of Pennsylvania—the iron in various parts of the Union—the copper of Lake Superior—the lead about Galena on the Mississippi; and lastly, the gold of California, which has already put in circulation a coinage of £15,000,000 sterling—all these are but the first tapping of almost boundless resources.

In 1791, the public debt of the United States was 75,000,000 of dollars. It is now, with six times the population, only 64,000,000; and in the same period, the imports of the country have increased from a value of 52,000,000 of dollars, to 147,000,000: the exports from 19,000,000, to 145,000,000; and the tonnage of shipping from 500,000 tons to 3,300,000.

The post-office statistics show how the transmission of intelligence has outstripped even the march of population. In 1790, the number of post-offices in the entire States

was 75; in 1850, the number was 16,789. In 1790, there were 4,875 miles of post routes; in 1850, there were 167,703. In 1790, the whole post-office revenue was 37,905 dollars; in 1850, it was 4,905,176 dollars; which sum consisted of 4,082,762 dollars for letters, and 819,016 dollars for newspapers and pamphlets. The mileage run in transportation of letters in 1850, was 42,544,069 miles, at a cost, for transportation only, of a little more than twopence halfpenny per mile. And the total number of letters conveyed was 67,500,000; 62,000,000 of which were paid, and 5,500,000 free and franked.

To come from letters to arms, it is a curious fact, as exhibiting the real military strength of this great country, that the militia force of the States amounts to 1,960,265 men, or as many as the whole population of Canada, or two-thirds of that of Scotland, who could be called out and in the field in less than a month.

The school funds belonging to the respective states, swelled by the constant addition of every sixteenth section of government land sold, are very large. Those belonging to seventeen free states, amounted in 1850, in fixed value, to 21,400,000 dollars. Popular education is the condition on which all new states are admitted into the Union.

There are 121 colleges in the States; with a total of 950 instructors; 50,115 alumni; 9028 ministers; and 11,565 students; and having 769,079 volumes in their libraries.

And without a farthing from the State, or from any source beyond the free-will offerings of the people, to support them, there are in this country of yesterday, 30,217 churches (exclusive of those belonging to the Wesleys)

connected with the various sects of Christians; 26,588 ministers; and 4,558,168 communicants, or 1 in $5\frac{1}{2}$ of the population.

This country, then, possesses all the elements which are usually considered as contributing to civilisation and to power. It has far outstripped us in the rate of its progress; and it becomes every day, more and more, the refuge for the industrious poverty, not only of Great Britain, but of Europe.

Those who wish to gaze at ruins need not go to it. Those who only yearn for the sight of crown jewels, or ancient armour, had better stay away. But to all who would see the realm which Nature has spread out, in her largest features, for the developement of the Anglo-Saxon race, under institutions once deemed Utopian, and even yet wondered at as experimental—to all who would see how a people can GROW—North America is the country of irresistible attraction.

LONDON, *November*, 1851.

A TRIP TO THE UNITED STATES, &c.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

I.

STEAM SHIP ASIA,
TUESDAY, 26th August, 1851.

As you know, I went down to Liverpool on the evening of the 15th, and stayed at ——'s. He met me at the train, and took me home. We sat up smoking and discussing —— politics until three in the morning, and then adjourned to bed.

While at breakfast next day, —— and —— came. They had been in Liverpool all night on the look-out for me. —— took leave of me near the station, on our way down to the pier, and —— and —— accompanied me on board, and saw me fairly "started." The former, however, owing to some misapprehension about the steamer which was to take him on shore, disappeared without adieu while I was looking after my luggage; and the latter remained on board, cracking jokes and making fun, until the tender which had brought the mail bags at last left us, and, after the firing of a farewell gun, our vessel stood proudly down the Mersey on her way to the ocean.

An hour afterwards, or about one o'clock, the pilot left us; and, firing another salute, we went on our course.

Our vessel, one of the largest and finest on the station, is 280 feet long, and is registered as of 2600 tons burden. She has 174 passengers, and a crew and staff of 115 hands, on board. Every berth is filled, and the vessel is not merely crowded but crammed,

with human beings. There is a regular staff of stewards, stewardesses, cooks, and waiters. There is also a live butcher, and no less live cow, which latter has a house on deck; and, as she pokes her head out of her window, looks as if she knew a thing or two.

The passengers consist of people returning from visits to the Exhibition, or tours on the Continent; of Canadian merchants who have been about their "fall" purchases at Manchester and Glasgow; of adventurous spirits *en route* for Chagres and California; and of a miscellaneous medley, including the man who owns the great lump of gold in the Exhibition, and his wife—a New Orleans Creole; a French count; a French milliner going back to the Havannah; some transatlantic political celebrities; and your faithful servant.

In making travelling acquaintances I was at the outset fortunate; for I have found several persons whom I know, or who know me through some mutual acquaintance, or some railway incident; and I had not been a couple of hours in the vessel before a gentleman, who had been eyeing me, and whom I had been eyeing, with a sort of half recognition for some time previous, as, pacing the long high deck, we passed each other, handed me a letter from —, which made us friends directly. This gentleman, a Mr. —, is going to the States with a like purpose to my own; and, with the exception that he would remain rather longer, and therefore travel more observantly, by taking more time about it. His route and leave of absence are so similar to mine, that we may perhaps journey on together.

Our first dinner on board came off as we were passing down the Welsh coast. The dining saloon was crowded, and appetites were sharp. The sea was perfectly calm, and none of the disagreeables of a voyage were in view before us. The new travellers began to declare that the hardships of sea life were

exaggerated, and the old travellers simply said nothing in reply. Therefore fish and soup, joint and savoury dish, were successively devoured; and the inroads upon the tarts and dessert made the stewards look grave; while the captain merely remarked, with a sly twist of his mouth and a roguish smile, "Wait till she begins to pitch a little." And accordingly she did begin to pitch, and pitched and tossed all night—a disagreeable which resulted in the disappearance of half the passengers; while the slow and lugubrious tumbling up of others on the following morning, with faces of every description of green and yellow shade, and miserable complaints of their "sufferings," showed the degeneracy of the human stomach.

I felt well enough on rising; but the operation of dressing on a floor of continually varying level, soon made me as squeamish as the rest; and for just a week I was sick more or less every day. The sensation itself is bad enough; but the after weakness and inertness—in my case at least, starting as I did in weak health—far worse. However, I suppose it is like physic or beating—all for one's good; and, as the worst is over, I hope you will laugh at my small miseries.

Our first Sunday morning was enjoyable, as it was beautiful. The sea clear blue, the sky full of white driving clouds, the wind dry, free, and bracing; and, as the sun shone upon the bright shores of the south of Ireland, which we were skirting rapidly—now bringing out in full effect the golden corn-fields, and now lighting up some bold rocky promontory, such as the old Head of Kinsale—even sea-sickness could not prevent us from reveling in the scene, so new and strange to many.

Sunday evening brought us to Cape Clear; and, as the setting sun threw its fading rays across the western waves, the last glimpse of land disappeared from the sight, and we were fairly out upon the Atlantic.

Monday brought a strong west wind ; and the long rolling waves of the Atlantic, which we had first met on rounding Cape Clear, swelled into a rising sea, amidst which our great vessel pitched about with far more force and vivacity than was agreeable.

Tuesday made matters worse. More wind, more wave. Vessel pitching ; bows under and decks forward ; miserably wet. I stood it out, however, and remained sitting under the larboard wheel-house with some choice spirits, who tried to sing the storm away by all the glees they could recollect the words of, until midnight. The spray broke over us continually ; but covered up in tarpaulin coats, lent to us by the mate, we despised the anger of the waves—at least, so long as we could keep the water out of our necks. It was a wild angry night. Clouds drifting rapidly through the sky, now concealing, now displaying, the bright moon and stars. Waves in dark huge masses, tipped with white wreaths of foam, encircling the vessel, as if jealous of her progress. The wind roaring in the rigging, and ever, now and then a heavy dull sound, heard above the wind, when a sea struck the ship, and scattered itself along her lower decks with a sharp splashing noise. Behind the vessel there appeared a huge, broad, white, track of foam, full of strange phosphoric stars and spangles of fairy light, which flashed in the darkness, as if the ship's paddles, like the iron-shod hoofs of some great animal, struck fire in the struggle and intensity of their progress.

Wednesday brought a heavy gale and a tremendous sea. Standing on the deck, to do which one had to hold on, as some said, "like grim death," and as others expressed it, "like glue;" the storm, for such we deemed it, was a grand sight indeed. Our vessel is eighteen feet out of water, and the waves rose on all sides of us some ten feet above the bulwarks. Therefore you

may inter that thirty feet would represent the mean height of these waves. Amidst this sea we bore our way, the ship now, to the appearance of the eye, standing on one end, now rushing down as if everlastingly to engulf herself; but, though receiving great masses of water over her bows at every plunge, rising buoyantly to meet and ride over the next great mountain, and so on and on. At times the sun shone out, and, as the spray crested the waves parted in our progress, formed evanescent rainbows in the flying moisture, which contrasted sweetly with the wildness of the tempest and the hoarse beating of the wind.

Thursday improved a little upon Wednesday, and again Friday upon Thursday, while Saturday gave us quiet waters, an easy vessel, the cessation of my interesting indisposition, and of the sickness of most others, and the reappearance in the saloon at the daily meals (*viz.*, breakfast at eight, lunch at twelve, dinner at four, tea at half-past seven, and supper when you like) of almost every soul on board. The passengers, especially a choice selection of thin sallow-faced fellows, who sat out of the way in corners, for the sake of elbow-room, making up by vivacious talking, and enormous eating of every dish, fruit, and sweatmeat put before them, for their previous starvation, and the sickness they had endured.

On Sunday at twelve, we were only 147 miles from Cape Race, and we should have sighted it, had not one of those dense fogs which usually occur about the Banks of Newfoundland, and owe their origin, I believe, to the difference of temperature between the waters of the "Gulf Stream" and those of the Northern seas, prevailed for three days, and compelled us to keep more out to sea. The stream comes, as you know, from the Gulf of Mexico, and runs with a current of about two miles an hour as far north as Iceland, throwing on the shores

of the North of Scotland tropical fruits and plants from the extreme south.

During the more dense time of fog, and especially at night, a bell was rung every few minutes, to warn the fishing-boats and other vessels of the danger of our ship's approach. This, at night, as we coursed along through a dense mist, had a strange unearthly sound, and spoke of dangers and collisions; at the same time it excited the old sailors among us to recite stories of awful catastrophes, in which vessels had run down others on those banks, while so sudden were the shocks of meeting, that the very name of the unfortunate barques were often enveloped in mystery.

Yesterday and to-day we have clearer weather, though it now rains. We are in the land stream, or the outlying current of the St. Lawrence I suppose, and are making gallant way. We are only 650 miles from New York, or a little more than two days' work; and we expect to be there on Thursday night, or in somewhat less than two days after our proper time.

II.

STEAM SHIP ASIA, AT SEA,
WEDNESDAY, *August 27.*

I STOPPED writing yesterday to go to dinner, which meal was fully attended, all parties being lively and hungry. During dinner, the ship rolled a little, and a heavy rain kept falling. All our sails were set. While we were still killing time over dessert, our captain, who had told us we might expect a "blow," went hastily on deck; but, before he reached it, the wind had veered right round to the opposite point of the compass, and

was blowing a hurricane. We were "taken aback," that is, instead of the sails being filled, so as to drive the vessel forward, they were blown against the masts, so as to force her backwards. We shipped a sea or two astern, but had our course at once changed, and ran before the wind, and all hands were called to take in sail: a work of difficulty and danger. The fore-topsail took itself in, being blown out of the bolt-ropes, and hanging only by the end of the yard, from which it flapped and crackled in the wind, with a noise like the continual firing of pocket pistols, threatening to bring down the fore-topmast. I had no idea of the force of wind before. This was the tail of a hurricane.

To walk without holding on was impossible; and then the wind seemed to wrap itself around you, and to tug at you with a force almost equal to your strength. The sky was obscured by spray. Nothing but an atmosphere of spray and flying water was to be seen; while the surface of the sea drove along in the direction of the wind, as if some unseen hand were whirling it up against the sky. The blocks and ropes were flying about the deck, and some of the sailors got hard and dangerous knocks from them. I went on to the upper deck, getting there with difficulty. Shouting was in vain, for even the Captain's trumpet was almost inaudible, and the sound of the wind was so loud, that it realized the phrase, "blowing great guns."

The blown out sail remained for some moments in its dangerous position, and the top-mast bent and quivered as if coming down. At this crisis one of the sailors mounted to the cross-trees, and came down the topsail-lift, a single rope, to the end of the yard, and cut away the sail. He then went up the lift again, hand over hand, and descended on to the deck. This, in such a storm, appeared to me at least, as a landsman, a gallant feat, certainly a most dangerous one. And the passengers have

to-day subscribed about £8 for the man, in witness of their approval of it.

After a desperate tussle with the sails, all were taken in and secured. The chains, guns, seats, barrels, and other things loose, or rolling and floating about the deck, were made fast. The top-masts were struck, and then the vessel, which had been driving on madly before the wind in the direction of "back again," was put upon her course, and we had some hours' fight with the tempest. The storm abated at midnight; and, though the ship rolled tremendously during the night, was gone, leaving behind only a fresh sea—when we rose from our uneasy berths in the morning. Our company were heartily frightened. They sat in the saloon holding on, and hardly uttering a word. There was, however, no real danger in such a ship, with steam and so little sail, and out at sea 250 miles from land; but the storm was so extreme, and came so suddenly, that, while it lasted, we all most sincerely wished ourselves on *terra firma*.

We have had a good day to-day. A fine sunset. We shall be in New York to-morrow night.

III.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, August 29.

ON Thursday morning at ten we caught sight of land, the low, dark shore of Long Island, looking at first like a line of smoke upon the horizon, and gradually swelling into form and distinctness. By three o'clock we had passed Fire Island lighthouse, and by four had the "Never sink Hills" of New Jersey, and the entrance to the Bay of New York, before us. After a hasty and excited dinner, during which we took our pilot on

board, we went upon deck, and enjoyed the really beautiful scenery of the bay. The bay is large enough to hold all the ships of the world—at least, so the Americans declared so frequently, that of course I believed it. We passed Fort Hamilton, a military station and place of resort; Staten Island, the shores of which are fine and richly wooded, and covered with the villas of the wealthy people of New York; and coming through “Hell-gate,” which, the tide being in, was no terror, as it is sometimes when the water is low (and as Cooper describes it in the “Water Witch”), we at length came to New York.

New York, at the head of the bay, is swept by the Hudson on one side, and by an arm of the sea, called the East river, on the other. On the East river side is the suburb called “Brooklyn;” and on the Hudson river side, the sister town called “Jersey City.” We passed, in our course up the bay, steamers crammed with human beings going out to California, crowded emigrant ships from England, and a vast amount of craft of every description, including, as we neared New York, the “North river steamers,” great arks, as long and clumsy as a street of houses. Upon landing at the steamers’ wharf, Jersey City, we had the usual row with our luggage, but got it at last examined; and after considerable shouting, fighting, and swearing, lodged it and ourselves in a coach, and drove right on to the immense ferry boat, which took us across the river; and, besides our vehicle, conveyed some twenty cars and carts, and some hundred people. We drove to the “Astor House,” which we found full, and therefore went a mile further up Broadway, to the “New York Hotel,” where I now am. This hotel accommodates about 500 people. The charge is two dollars and a half per day; and this sum includes breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper; your bed-room, and the use of a drawing-room as large and elegant as those of aristocratic houses; a news-

room, smoking room, &c. The meals are taken in an elegant room, in which 400 or 500 persons can sit with comfort ; and ladies have the pleasure of seeing their nice handsome faces reflected by ten or twenty large mirrors, which reach from the floor to the ceiling, and are hung around the room. The cooking is excellent, and the variety of good things extreme.

Last night I strolled down Broadway, a street three and a half miles long, with acacia-trees alongside its footpaths; with many magnificent shops and houses, but with a bizarre mixture of style and occupations, giving you a splendid shop at one glance, and a twopenny show perhaps close by it, at the next. The appearance of Broadway is bright and lively. The trees, too, relieve the eye from the glare of the lamps, which often are great big things of coloured or ground glass, and have a very beautiful effect. Some of the shops and cafés are very splendid. One shop, "Stuart's," is as big as a small London square, has a front of white marble, and is magnificently fitted up inside. It is the finest shop in the world.

I went to the new theatre, "Nib' 's," in Broadway. The acting (play, *Romeo and Juliet*) was execrable; but the house more elegant and agreeable than any thing I have before seen. There is but one price, fifty cents, or two shillings. You sit where you like; pit, boxes, upper tier, or sides, being all open and visible from all parts. The theatre will hold about 3000 persons. There is a saloon where the gentlemen may drink, a great place which would hold 600 persons; and a ladies' saloon, equally large, and handsomely fitted up. But the most agreeable arrangement is an open garden at the side of the house, to command which balconies open out from the parterre and galleries, and you can leave your place and promenade in the cool of the evening, looking down upon the trees, with lamps hanging amongst their branches. You can also descend to the garden itself, and enjoy the fresh

air and fresh flowers. This would be pleasant, would it not, at the opera on hot nights? It is delightful here just now; for the weather is unusually hot, even for this part of America, and in this season.

IV.

SARATOGA SPRINGS,
SUNDAY, August 31, 1851.

AFTER writing my last letter, I made a tour through the business part of New York.

Wall-street has a fine exchange, and several extensive and handsome buildings used as banks and for public business. It is the Lombard-street of New York, and is about as curious, as thronged, and as excited as that street. There is a constant bustle, and the wild eyes, frothy mouths, and rapid steps of the stock exchange men, are just now extreme and laughable.

The other streets which I passed through, of which there are miles of the kind, contained stores of all sorts of goods. Here, was a quarter of a mile of "hardware" warehouses; here, as great a length of "cassimeres and woollen goods stores;" here, a few hundred yards of "straw-bonnet stores;" and there, a whole street devoted to "leather stores" and "leather findings." It seemed as if almost every kind of supply had its chief quarter in the city. The notion given by all this, especially in this busy season, when the buyers from a distance are in town making their "fall" purchases, of the extent and energy of business, is quite startling to a stranger accustomed to more quiet waters.

I visited Harpers' book store and printing establishment—the place whence the cheap editions of our authors mainly issue;

Colton's map depot, and other establishments;—all of which gave the same impression of extensive, rapid, and energetic business.

For variety, I went to "Barnum's Museum," an *omnium gatherum* of all sorts of "curiosities," in Broadway. Here were the coach, clothes, and relics of Tom Thumb; a bust of Jenny Lind, and her letter to Barnum on his inviting her to America; some Chinese costumes and household articles; quantities of stuffed birds, beasts, and reptiles; panoramas; and, some original portraits of Franklin, Washington, Hamilton, and other fathers and elder sons of the Republic.

This is the height of the fruit season; and the fruit market, at the corner of Fulton Street, is really a sight. Melons in tons; peaches innumerable; apples; pears; plums;—indeed, every delicious fruit now in maturity; and all in an abundance equal to the cabbage and turnip supply of Covent Garden. On returning to the hotel from my long ramble, I found my bedroom door unlocked; the lock of my portmanteau forced open; my goods and chattels thrown in a heap on the bed, and covered up with the clothes; and, on searching further, I discovered the loss of two little boxes of pills and of a few articles of dress. Had I kept my money in my trunk, I should have been relieved of it. Of course I was excessively indignant, and the people of the house made every enquiry about it, being evidently annoyed at the occurrence: but no trace of the robber was discovered. I hope he liked the pills, and took them all. I have since been told, that in these busy seasons swindlers often get into these hotels, as "distinguished travellers" perhaps, for the purpose of robbery. Probably public opinion is hereby influenced in favour of Mr. Hobbs.

In the evening I went to the "Broadway" theatre, and saw a piece of a farce, some old Manchester actors playing; and part of a tolerable ballet, in which the "Rousset family" shewed

off; and I looked in at "Brougham's Lyceum." Both houses are handsomely fitted up and comfortable—the latter small, audience respectable and well conducted, though a few of the people in the "family circle" (which in these two theatres is fifty cents, or two shillings admission, while the dress circle and parterre are seventy-five cents or three shillings), had their feet up, and a few gentlemen (but it was hot certainly) were flourishing in their shirt sleeves.

Yesterday (Saturday) morning, I left New York in the "New World" river steamer, and sailed up the Hudson to Albany, which I reached at four; the distance is 155 miles, and we started at seven, so the boat travelled at the rate of seventeen miles an hour, inclusive of stoppages. These boats are properly called "floating palaces." This, which is one of the finest—though called a "slow" boat, because the "Reindeer" does the journey at the rate of twenty or twenty-two miles an hour—is 350 feet long, or the sixteenth part of a mile; that is, sixteen such boats put end to end would reach a mile. The paddle wheels are enormous, and the engines work partly on deck. These boats are painted white, and are most clumsy in outside appearance. They have two decks the whole length of the vessel. The end of one of the decks forms a capacious drawing-room, furnished with fine carpets, mirrors, rosewood tables, chairs, settees, and sofas, marble slabs, &c. Below these decks are the dining and other eating rooms, which would altogether accommodate 1500 or 2000 people at a time, if necessary. There are on board a book-shop, bar, and two barbers' shops—the latter filled all day with persons, young and old, being "shaved, cut, or curled," to save time on shore, I suppose.

The scenery of the Hudson is, generally speaking, beautiful, and in many places extremely fine and imposing. A few miles above New York are the "Palisades," perpendicular rocks of

primary formation, running for miles along the river side like a wall. The average height is from 400 to 500 feet. West Point, thirty-five miles up, is now the seat of the military school. Some of the cadets were on duty as sentinels, and others were going through evolutions, as we passed. Below the school is Buttermilk Fall, a nice bit of water, falling over the rocks into the river, from a height of about eighty feet. West Point was the seat of a fortress commanding the Hudson. The Americans had possession of it during the war of independence, and the first result of General Arnold's treason was to have been its delivery to the English. But Major André having been caught within the American lines, on his return from a visit to Arnold, the plot was discovered and defeated.

Many places beside, on this part of the Hudson, are celebrated as the scenes of events in the war.

All along the river are good houses, mansions, and comfortable cottages. There are several towns, including Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Hudson, &c. About half-way up to Albany the Catskill mountains are seen high in the distance.

The river is covered with vessels; and we continually crossed steamers towing down boats laden with barrels, flour, wheat, logs, planks, bandboxes, and all sorts of manufactures from the interior. One steam tug had about forty large boats girded around it.

Albany, the metropolis of the state of New York, stands on the rising bank of the river. It has the Hudson river railroad, which courses the river bank all the way from New York on the one side of the river, and the Albany and Schenectady railroad on the other, giving, with other lines, and with steamers in connection, a complete route to Buffalo and the Falls. The city has a bustling and thriving population of about 25,000. The state-house, city house, or town-hall, and the capitol, are the

sights of Albany. At the latter, the house of representatives and the senate of the state of New York assemble; their halls are plain and unassuming. Their collection of records is well arranged.

In the court of appeals in the same building, are portraits of Washington and several other notables, and a picture of Columbus, said to be an original, and presented to the senate by some patriotic lady. From the top of the capitol I had a noble view of the Hudson, winding its great breadth for five-and-twenty miles through a country beautiful and thriving.

Leaving Albany by railway, we came to Schenectady, and then went on to Saratoga, the Cheltenham of America, where I hope to rest and be quiet for a day or two.

V.

CHAMPION STEAMER, UP THE ST. LAWRENCE.

THURSDAY, *September 4, 1851.*

OWING to the locomotive habits of the people, the hotels of America are more extensive and more systematized than ours. One of their features is the system of charging a fixed sum per day, which covers all the annoying extras of English hotel bills. On entering an hotel, you write your name and address in a book, have the number of your bedroom placed opposite your name, and receive a key, which, when you go out, you leave in the office. The breakfast, lunch, dinner and tea, take place at stated hours, and are managed with great precision and discipline.

At the "United States hotel," Saratoga, the waiters are blacks, and are commanded by a black maitre d'hôtel. On dinner being served, the gong is sounded, and each guest takes his appointed

place. All being seated, the maitre d'hôtel claps his hands, and in an instant, at one *coup*, the covers are nipped away, as if with the same hand, by waiters stationed at regular distances around the tables. Then the serious work of eating commences. If any embarrassment arises, a clap of the hand calls attention to it, and a sign directs its immediate remedy. Then, as each course is finished, another clap stations the waiters again at their old places, and at a wave of the hand all the dishes skip off the table. Then, the table being cleared of dinner dishes, the whole posse of waiters march two and two round the tables, and leave the room by a side door. In a few seconds they return in the same order, each man bearing three dishes, and fall again into their places. Then, all eyes being fixed upon the maitre d'hôtel, *clap one*, and down goes one dish from the hands of each waiter all along the tables. *Clap two* brings down dish the second; and *clap three* drops the third. And at a table of nearly 400 persons all are thus served with dessert, as before they had been with each course, in about half a moment, and each at the same time. Even in changing knives, forks, and plates, a system is adopted. A portion of the waiters, obeying a sign, fall out of line, and divide into threes; one of each three bears the plates, one the knives, and one the forks; and each party goes round its allotted length of table. Black No. 1 dots down a plate opposite each person; No. 2 plants a knife on one side of it; No. 3 puts down a fork on the other side. The fellows do this with an even regularity of movement, and a gravity which is quite amusing. All this rapid and regular action drives dinner on amazingly; indeed, it almost hurries you. In fifty minutes all is over, and the table cleared. The Americans, who seem to know the value of time, generally get up, and decamp immediately after the last mouthful, which is perhaps a sensible plan.

At Saratoga we found a party of Indians. Eighteen of these children of the forest, who had been down to New York to sell toys and ornaments, which they manufacture in the winter, were on their return home, and were encamped outside the village during Sunday. They showed little of the costume of their tribe, or rather, I suppose I should say, want of costume; one man wearing a pair of red plush breeches, and some of the women having bonnets. Still there were the features, the attitudes, and the language of the aborigines. We visited their camp at night, a collection of gipsy-like tents, and conversed with one or two of them, which led others to steal out and listen. I say steal out; for it was only upon turning round, that I became aware that we were suddenly almost surrounded. One man spoke very good English. He said they were Oneidas, or as he pronounced it, "Onidéhs," and were going back to their country, where they would remain with their tribe, about two hundred and eighty of whom were left, till next year, and then come down again.

On Sunday evening I witnessed another and a very different spectacle. A Methodist preacher came into the village in a little four-wheeled car, with a square black hood over it, and preached from his car, on what is termed by the common voice "Nigger abolition." He was accompanied by a young woman, and a very pretty little child, who both sat behind him. He soon got an audience, amongst whom were several men from the southern states. He denounced slavery in no very measured terms, and soon provoked the southern men to interject—"Why don't you go into the south?" "Why, Sir," was the reply, "you know, it would be as much as my life is worth." "Nonsense! we will give you five hundred dollars to go, and you shall be safe." "To what state, Sir?" "Georgia," replied one voice; "Alabama," another; "North Carolina," another. "Why," was

the rejoinder, "three of our preachers were expelled from those very states not a month ago." "Your niggers here are free, and they are worse off than ours; why don't you mend their condition first?" And so the attack and reply went on (this was Sunday evening) for half an hour, amidst laughter, jeers, and the occasional propulsion, by fellows behind, of some unlucky lad or other against the poor preacher's horse; a movement which endangered the woman and child especially, but which appeared to give great satisfaction to many, and which no one interfered in any manner to prevent. I left the spot in disgust. I have seen, however, as much petty intolerance at home. I returned from my walk in time to hear the preacher pronounce his benediction, in the midst of which there arose a hideous yell: three or four boys were shot against the horse, and the car was nearly overthrown; after which a shouting multitude followed the retreating abolitionist for some distance, to harass and annoy him, as he drove with difficulty away.

On Monday morning, recruited by the previous day's rest, I left Saratoga, and travelled forty-one miles by railway through a partially cleared, and, in many parts, very beautiful country, to Whitehall, which is at the southern end of Lake Champlain, where we took a steamer, a nice, orderly, and comfortable boat, and steamed to Rouse's Point, 132 miles further. The scenery of the lake is very beautiful. The ruins of the old fortress of Ticonderoga rise upon it, standing upon a steep rocky headland, and commanding the lake, which narrows at this point; a wide expanse of water swelling out both above and below. Ticonderoga was taken from the French by the English, by the use of artillery fired down from the mountain above it. In the American war of independence it was taken from us by surprise by one Colonel Ethen Allen. It is reported that Allen awakened the commandant, who was in bed, and told him to surrender.

"By what authority?" said the half-awakened officer. "By the authority of the Lord Jehovah and the Continental Congress," replied Allen.

About the middle of the lake is the thriving town of Burlington, the chief town of Vermont. Here we stopped to take in passengers, and were pleased with the bustle and activity of the place. The wharf was crowded; and, as the day was hot, straw hats and shirt sleeves, also the mitigated form of comfort—viz., coat and trousers without waistcoat—were abundant.

It was dusk when we arrived at Rouse's Point, and we had not so good a view as I could have wished of the extensive docks and landings; the boat, 300 feet long, built to carry over whole trains; and the extensive station works of the Northern or Ogdensburgh railroad, which is just opened. I had been introduced, at Saratoga, to the superintendent of this line, Colonel Schlatter, by Mr. Van Rensselaer of the Saratoga and Washington line. Both these gentlemen were very polite, and gave me orders to pass over their railways when I pleased. The Ogdensburgh line extends from Rouse's Point to Ogdensburgh, near the head of Lake Ontario. It forms, with other lines, a complete system from Boston and New York to Lake Ontario, and has many difficult and extensive works in its course.

From Rouse's Point we took the Champlain and St. Lawrence line, opened two days ago, and at Isle aux Noix passed into British American territory, and heard the old French patois of the "habitans" of that locality, from the mouths of a crowd of curious people awaiting the arrival of the train. At La Prairie we took the ferry boat, an immense vessel as usual, and dropped down the St. Lawrence for nine miles, to Montreal, where I got to bed at Donnegana's hotel, at one o'clock on Tuesday morning, desperately tired.

Montreal is a flourishing town of 50,000 inhabitants. It is

built upon an island formed by the confluence of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa. The island belonged to the Catholic priesthood of the place, who still exercise rights over it similar to those of the "lords" in cases of English copyholds, and who obtain an annual revenue of some £30,000 or £40,000 from it. The city was founded about 250 years ago, and has still many of the features of a French town, though the improvements of the last twenty years, by obliterating single story and wooden houses from the best quarters, have altered its character. In old times it was the depôt for the great fur trades. Now, however, it receives its furs almost entirely back from England, to which country the Hudson's Bay Company send their whole supply, to be dressed and prepared for re-exportation. It is the commercial emporium of this district; and, though it has suffered from the equalization of duties, it is now recovering. The facilities for communication with the United States, by the systems of railroad made and making, which bring it within twelve hours of Boston and New York, will doubtless urge forward its prosperity.

VI.

MONTREAL has considerable general commerce, commanding, as it does, the St. Lawrence, now connected by railway directly with the United States, and being at the outlet of the Ottawa river district. The island upon which it stands is some thirty miles long, and contains much fine and valuable land, mostly under cultivation, and abounding in good farms and gardens, and fine orchards. From the "Mountain" above Montreal, a splendid view is obtained of the St. Lawrence and its wooded

shores; the dark forests of the Ottawa valley; the fine bright lands of the island; the city, and its villaed suburbs. In the distances, north and south, the "green mountains" of Vermont, and the distant summits which separate the cultivated parts of Lower Canada from those far off and savage regions, in which the trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company and some scattered Indians are the sole monarchs of the woods—are visible. There can be no view more beautiful, few more extensive. It gives all the peculiarities of this North American scenery in its largest and finest features. And seen again from the high towers of the Catholic cathedral (the cathedral will hold some 12,000 people, and is the largest church in America), to which I mounted, up 22 steps, it again delights the eye with its extent and beauty. From this latter point, too, the St. Lawrence is seen just below the eye, and you may watch the rushing of the nearest rapids, and the struggles and windings of the boats and steamers, in passing through them on their upward voyages.

Montreal (and Quebec more especially) have the distinctive features of French towns, with many of the peculiarities of English ones. Here is the well-known countenance of the northern parts of France. Carts such as might have been seen, no doubt, hundreds of years ago in France. The Norman breed of horses; small, round, strong, and enduring. Every other signboard presents a French name; the blacksmith styling himself "forgeron;" the baker, "boulangier;" the ladies' attendant, "s^e g^efemme;"—and so on. The professional man generally has two plates upon his door;—one telling you that he is "M. Charles Robert," "avocat;" and the other, that he is "Mr. C. Robert," "attorney at law." In the "Coté des Neiges," behind the mountain, at Montreal, and in the suburb or quarter "St. Henry," this French appearance is universal. "Notre dame des Neiges," in the former, with its gaudily painted inside and unpretending outside,

its wooden roof and tin-covered steeple, would recall to you the wooded districts of France; and the houses in both quarters, the people with their "bonnets rouges" (as distinguished from the "bonnets bleus" and "bonnets gris" of the Quebec district), and innocence of English and English ways of living, working, farming, and thinking, are even more French than the French themselves. Indeed, so little have they changed since the settlement of the country two hundred years ago, that they speak the French of that time without the alloy since introduced into the language. Their old modes of farming are still in vogue; and they despise all change, satisfied to live in quiet and simple comfort, without the worry of improvements. In the Quebec district the farmers singe their pigs when they have killed them, and despise the use of hot water. Just as farmers do in Normandy, and in some parts of the south of England. This pig-singeing is a great event; and on one occasion during the Rebellion, the singeing of two or three pigs on a hill-side at night, caused the Quebec garrison and the country volunteers to turn out, under the belief that the light seen was that of a beacon fire, and that the enemy were at hand.

Montreal, and Quebec also, abound in fine Catholic churches, and the streets swarm with comfortable-looking priests, dressed in black cassocks and bands, and wearing big-buckled shoes and broad-brimmed hats.

The difference in language, customs, and religion, divides the population into two distinct sections, and is a bar to all united effort and to the improvement of the country; which nevertheless does improve in spite of this difficulty, though not as rapidly as it might and ought. I did not fully appreciate this until I visited the Superior law court, then sitting in Montreal. This court is held, during the erection of the new court-house, in the old, low, high-roofed building in which the French govern-

ment conducted their public affairs a hundred and fifty years ago. In this building, in 1839, the Privy Council decided to place the country under martial law, and the proclamation was issued from it.

The judges sitting when I visited the court were Smith, Van Feloon, and Mondelet, the latter a French Canadian. The first case argued was a long-pending one between Sir John Stewart and an architect, who had superintended the erection of the buildings on one of Sir John's farms. The counsel were not over clever, but sufficiently verbose, and full enough of "instances," both ancient and modern. The counsel for Sir John laid great stress upon the erroneous manner in which the action had been laid, and contended that as the English form of "assumpsit" had been taken, in order to get both debt and damages, instead of a single action of damages being brought, all the consequences of the form adopted must be taken by the plaintiff, who, not having proved *damages*, or even stated them, must be held by the court to have made out no case, and be cast accordingly. The counsel quoted the old French law, and a French law-writer of 1700, Chardon, and also English and Canadian authorities. The French Canadian judge having, during the oration, thrown in an observation or two in English, which he did not speak over fluently, at length uttered in French a long comment upon the fallacy of the argument,—which sounded strangely. The counsel for the architect went at the argument of his opponent with great vigour, stimulated by the expressed opinion of Judge Mondelet, and went back to the days of ancient Rome to show that forms of action had been difficult even in those days, having once caused a revolt. He declared that even in England they were as unsettled as ever; and wound up by propounding as a dogma, that the Canadian law was neither English, French, Roman, nor of any other precedent, but was

founded upon common sense, which was the only guide and authority in the administration of it. In corroboration of this the little black eye of Judge Mondet brightly twinkled, and he nodded his head in dignified approbation. Judge Van Feloon, who seemed more phlegmatic, quietly settled the matter by saying, that he supposed if a man *did* work for another, and the other had agreed to pay him, he was entitled to the money; and that therefore the court would have to see that a bargain had been made, and the work duly performed, and then decide. The next case argued arose out of a fraudulent assignment; and in this, too, French authorities, in the old language of a hundred and fifty years since, were often appealed to—Chardon being apparently the standard book of reference. The mixture of custom evidently caused embarrassment, and it was clear that no fixed decisions could regulate disputes concerning property, while the precedents relied upon were based upon the differing laws of two separate countries—laws, perhaps, not now operating in those very countries themselves.

The tenure of property in Lower Canada is still in part based upon the old French feudal system. There are still "Seigneurs" who hold lands, and have "censitaires" or tenants, paying feu-rent in produce, services, and money. It is true that a law has been passed enabling a fixed commutation, in money, of these seigneurial rights; but I am told that the parties adhere in most cases to the old usage, and despise innovation.

A singular custom, too, prevails. Parents, when old and tired of labour, assign their property to their children, or to one of them, in consideration of a string of conditions for their own maintenance and comfort, each one of which is recited in the deed with minute exactness. They stipulate usually for a house, so much meat, bread, sugar, tea, &c.; a calèche and horses to take them to church on Sundays and holidays; so much tobacco or

snuff; so many gowns and bonnets, or suits of clothes and hats and so on. These gifts lead to frequent lawsuits; and one can quite understand how, in a country with large tracts of its land held upon tenures of the most complex character, under a system which has passed away even in the country from whence it came, and where to this mass of difficulty is added the cause of dispute just alluded to, the legal profession should flourish,—which I understand it does.

Many of the public buildings of Montreal are excellent. The Bon Secours market is a very fine building, and puts many of ours at home to shame. The Jesuits' college is large and sombre; and some of the convents and institutions are well worth a visit, both as buildings and as institutions of the place.

In the country little progress appears; but you see no misery, and much comfort and joyfulness. Indeed, these French settlers seem happy upon their small properties, surrounded by their old customs, and in the enjoyment of the fêtes and holidays which their religion allows. They look upon the rush of improvement with calmness, though often with a sort of incredulity as to the agency by which it is brought about, and the righteousness of its existence. "Mais, croyez-vous que le bon Dieu permettra tout cela?" said one of them on seeing a train move along, dragged by no visible horseflesh, and propelled without birds' wing. They are quite a contrast to their American neighbours, who have often suggested that Lower Canada might go ahead if the French population were "improved off the face of the earth."

The priests set a good example of taking matters enjoyably and peacefully. Their country farm outside Montreal, at the foot of the mountain, for example. The house is situated so as to command a beautiful view of the basin of the St. Lawrence, which, on a fine day, shows its river gliding on with broad, tranquil surface, peacefully to the sea, and exhibits the

gardens, woods, and orchards, which cover the country with a fertile and smiling landscape. The grounds are large and well planted; and the rude gaze of the multitude is shut out by a high wall, which extends half round the farm itself. Here the good fathers come for a few days at a time, and in turns, to recruit exhausted nature, and spend their hours in exercise and reading. Fine old fellows! we need not envy them; but rather hope that all men may some day have as many of the means of quiet and simple happiness to resort to.

The short summer of Lower Canada causes great activity in business during the "seasons." The summer and autumn are therefore the times of business; the short interval between them the time for visits to the seaside, or to Saratoga, or the Caledonia Springs; while the winter, with its snow and ice and long endurance, brings round a continuous carnival of pleasant racket, and is really the season of society amongst all ranks of the people. I heard magnificent accounts of the balls, parties, sleighings, and country frolics, which take place; also of the walking expeditions far out into the wilds, with snow shoes, tents to sleep in, and Indian attendants; and of the wild sport in hunting the moose deer, and other tenants of the wood—during this winter season. Some of the English agents spend five business months in Canada, and all the rest of the year in England, going home in November and returning in April.

The residences in the suburbs of Montreal are usually well built, large, and beautifully situated. We drove through the suburbs to Monklands, which is on the western side of the mountain, and commands a fine view of the country. This house, which is capacious and handsome, is now used as an hotel. It was the seat of the governor-general, Lord Elgin; and the landlord showed us a point at the end of the now dilapidated, but some time beautiful garden, from whence, he said, his lordship viewed afar

off the burning of the Parliament Houses at Montreal a year or two back. Lord Elgin shut himself up in Monklands for about three months after this outrage, and the Parliament and court were removed to Toronto, which, until the turn comes round to some other place, has the exclusive honour of hearing the rather strong oratory of the Upper province. The country about Monklands is very beautiful, and there are still abundant openings on the mountain sides for villas, similar to the very handsome and tasteful erections with which they are at present pretty thickly studded.

Leaving Montreal one evening by steamer, I dropped down to Quebec. The St. Lawrence below Montreal is broad, deep, and in some places, winding. The principal population of Lower Canada is on its immediate shores; and the numerous cottages and houses, with cultivated fields around them, would lead to a belief that the whole population of the country, so thickly appearing on the margin of the river, was greater than it is. The sail by daylight must be beautiful, and as the hours of day, which going and returning allowed, enabled me to see a great part of the distance, I only regretted that I could not see more of so noble a river, and of the industry and the people settled on its banks.

When within five miles of Quebec, coming down the river, there commences a succession of wharfs, to which the timber, which forms so great a trade here, is floated down stream, and from which it is loaded into vessels for Europe and other parts of the world. The stock of timber barks floating in the basins about these wharfs and landings is now so great, that for three miles the margin of the river looks like one great raft. We passed two immense rafts of timber floating down the stream, to be stowed here, one of which was some 400 yards long, had eighteen sails set, and four wooden houses complete, erected, upon it.

Quebec is admirably placed as a fortified city, and also as a point for commerce. It stands on a high point of land opposite the Isle of Orleans, which here divides the St. Lawrence into two large streams. The citadel overlooks the Bay of Quebec, the Isle of Orleans, and the high banks of the St. Lawrence. The view from it is most extensive, in whichever direction the eye wanders. Forty miles of the St. Lawrence are seen from it. The white wooden houses on the hill-sides, and the broad fields of yellow grain set off the dark wood; and the river—its bay, fronting the point of land on which the city is placed, covered with sails and glistening in the sun—mellows the landscape most exquisitely. Quebec as seen from the river, too, has a fine commanding aspect. The citadel crowning the height does not give so great an appearance of extent or strength as it possesses. In reality, Gibraltar pre-eminent over all, it is one of the most impregnable strongholds in the world; and its underground works, I am told, are so extensive that 5000 men may be garrisoned and hidden within the bowels of the earth beneath it. Visitors are not allowed to walk on the west ramparts; and on complaining of this to a distinguished military officer, I was assured that the workmen who are still employed in the excavations below are taken in blindfold—that the engineer officer alone knows the form and shape of the works in progress, and that the plan of the remainder is kept sealed up in the hands of the commandant, to be opened only in case of actual need. This is mystery with a vengeance, and but for the authority from whence I received the statement, I should doubt the fact.

The lower town of Quebec stands upon the river bank, beneath the almost perpendicular face of rock, surmounted by the citadel. It is old, and the houses are principally of wood and half-French in appearance. The streets are narrow, and not very clean. To reach the upper town you drive up a very

precipitous road, or walk up a long flight of timber steps, which shorten the steepest portion of the way. The upper town is built on the acclivity and on the slopes of the hill-side, which slide down to the river St. Charles, to the north. The fire of 1845 improved the town, by clearing out miserable old wooden dwellings; and the buildings erected on the site are of good brick or stone. Since these fires, too, it has been forbidden to build houses of wood, within the walls; and the use of shingles for roofing has been prohibited. The roofs are mostly covered with tin, which shines and glares in the sun at mid-day, but reflects the morning light very pleasant.

The Protestant and Catholic cathedrals are fine buildings, as are the new Catholic church outside the suburbs, the Catholic seminary, and many other edifices. But the narrow streets, and steep ascents, and ancient buildings, take away all beauty from the town itself, delightful as is its situation, and beautiful as are the vistas and views from various parts of it.

A pilgrimage to the Plains of Abraham, which are about a mile from the Citadel, and consist of the high table-land between the St. Lawrence, and the St. Foix road and St. Charles river, was to me a traveller's duty.

It was on the night of the 12th of September, 1759, that Wolfe, repulsed by the French at Montmorenci two months before, dropped down the St. Lawrence with his army in boats, and succeeded in landing at a little bend of the river, still half hidden by trees, where the high and precipitous shores are most accessible, though yet most difficult of ascent. The troops scaled the heights, meeting little opposition, formed into line across the plains, and waited the attack of the French, who had marched that morning from Beauport, near to which the battle of Montmorenci had been fought. The French came on gallantly, and the English stood their fire until they approached within forty yards, and then

delivered theirs. The French wavered, and Wolfe charged at the head of his men, Montcalm heading his. A desperate fight took place, and Wolfe fell, struck by the third ball, just as the French line broke in confusion, and the English cheer of victory burst from his conquering army. Montcalm was mortally wounded immediately afterwards.

On the spot where Wolfe fell, on the extreme right of his line, a plain unpretending pillar is placed, bearing the simple inscription,—

“HERE DIED WOLFE, VICTORIOUS, SEPT. 13, 1759.”

Near the citadel, and in the town, another monument has been erected, which bears the name of Wolfe on one side and that of Montcalm on the other.

To see the country, I had a drive of twenty-five miles along the St. Charles river, through the Indian village of Lorette, and back through the fine open district to the westward of the town. Our road was good for a few miles, but then became such a collection of deep pits and heaps of mud, that, but for a rude fence and wheel-marks, it would hardly have been distinguished from the fields. The course of the St. Charles, however, at this point, is between precipitous and sometimes rocky banks, covered with trees and jungle: and in enjoyment of the scenery, the fresh pure air, cooled by the previous night's rain, and the sweet scents thrown out by the trees and wild-flowers, the slow progress of the vehicle and the bumping of one's sides were forgotten.

Lorette was originally a colony of Christianized Huron Indians, to whom lands were granted by the French. The village is now principally inhabited by whites and half-breeds, though there are some of the pure race left—the men wearing European dresses, the women adhering to the ancient costume. Their

cottages are generally neat and clean. André Romain, the chief, resides in the centre of the village, a high pole denoting his residence and rank. I found him bending over his simple dinner of milk and coarse bread. He was dressed in old, and somewhat ragged, garments. He seemed so extremely old, that I did not trouble him with more than a very short conversation, in French. He showed me a portrait of George IV., given to him by the hands of that monarch, and a coloured engraving of the installation of one of the royal princes as chief of the Hurons. The poor old man, broken down with extreme age, had still the remains of a commanding presence, which even his miserable dress, unshaven beard, and bleared and misty eye, could not altogether extinguish.

This village gives an example of the fate of all the Indian tribes. Here, once brought together to live after the manner of the whites, this tribe has been reduced in number, and finally all but absorbed; and in a few years not one of the unmixed race will remain, and the language of the tribe will be obliterated.

At Lorette are the falls of the St. Charles, which are very interesting. After seeing them, I had some milk at the "Billy Button," a public-house kept by a Yankee, who deals in the Indian ornaments made in the village, and shows the Falls, and then drove round to Quebec, through a fine and richly-tilled district; and, in passing, saw a hardly contested heat run upon the course on the plains of Abraham—for it was Quebec races.

VII.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, *Sept. 6, 1851.*

RETURNING to Montreal, I spent Thursday in visiting various institutions of that city, and drove out with Mr. —, to see the country residence of a friend of his, which is hidden in a sweet little glen, from whence, however, glimpses of the sea are obtained. This gentleman lives here in summer, and employs his leisure in the cultivation of the fruits and flowers which a fine soil and a forcing climate produce in perfection. He complains of the destruction of the large trees in his vicinage, regretting that those who own the neighbouring woods should be impelled to bring down first the oldest and finest timber, and should be unable to preserve even so much of it as might illustrate hereafter the magnificent proportions of the native forest wood. This is truly one of the sad features of advancing civilisation. The fine old forests, like the native Indians, lose their noblest chieftains, and, degenerating to a few dwarfed and scattered specimens, at last disappear and are forgotten.

Mr. — told us much of the happy and comfortable lives of the farmers and settlers hereabouts. All have land; food in abundance, including sugar from their own maple-bush; cattle; horses; light spring waggons, which serve as family coaches when not required for the week-day's work; good homely furniture and clothing; in short, an abundance of all the essentials of existence, and even wealth—but they possess little money. In many cases, and now that agricultural improvement has become a necessity, this want of money is found to be a great evil. The ordinary-sized farms, of 100 acres of good land, all in cultivation, are worth from £500 to £1000; and very often an

expenditure of £200 or £300 in improvements would double their value. The legal rate of interest here is 6 per cent.; and as high a rate as 7 or 8 per cent. could be got for small loans on mortgages, for these purposes, were the money to be had. The banks, however, do not lend money on mortgage, and the monied men of the country have usually lands of their own requiring the same sort of development. Foreign capital is therefore looked to; and doubtless it will ultimately be procured in abundance, the security being undeniable, and the rate of interest so high.

Mr. — does not consider the long winter any impediment to farming, but rather the contrary, as the sudden burst of spring, and the rapid growths of summer, make up for it; while in a country like this, where roads are so scanty, many of the farmers' operations are performed more easily during the hard frosts which prevail.

Leaving Montreal, by a short railroad of nine miles in length, constructed to avoid the rapids of a narrow bend of the St. Lawrence, I came to Lachine. Here are the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the house of Sir George Simpson, the governor; and hence, annually, towards the end of April, proceed the "maître-canots," or large canoes, of the company, manned by its officers and hardy "voyageurs," up the waters of the Ottawa to Lake Nipissing, and down the Rivière des Français into Lake Huron.

At Lachine I took the "Champion," a fine new steamer built and equipped at Montreal, and worked up the St. Lawrence, along Lake Ontario, to Toronto, a journey of 450 miles, and occupying about forty hours in the performance.

The navigation of the St. Lawrence is impeded by several large "rapids," formed by the action of the suddenly descending current upon sunken rocks deep below the surface of the water. On the upward voyage these are impassable for merchandise vessels;

and, though the large steamers struggle through many of them, there are others which no force can cope with. To remedy these impediments, several fine canals, equal to any similar works in the world, have been constructed. The first of these, the Beauharnois Canal, connects, by a cut eleven miles long, the broad embayment called "Lake St. Louis," above Montreal, with the similar reach called "Lake St. Francis;" and in the narrow passage between these unruffled waters, are the principal rapids—the "Coteau du Lac," the "Cedars," and the "Cascades." The passage through this "sixteen miles' declivity of boiling waters" is exciting. The large steamers rush down with the rapidity of the wind, through waves lashed into foam—sweeping close past the rocks and islets in the stream, and only kept in safety in their course by the united exertions of six or seven "voyageurs," and a pilot, at the wheel.

The upper shores of the St. Lawrence are populous and well cultivated. In stopping to take in our supply of wood, which we had to do several times during the day and night, usually at quiet secluded nooks along shore, or on some little island, I had many opportunities of seeing the comfort of the people, and the progress of the country. The houses, usually of wood, painted white, or of some showy colour, and having verandas covered with climbers, looked both commodious and gay. It might be mistake, but I fancied that improvement was more perceptible when, passing the point where line 45° "strikes" the river, we came into the American territory. I was particularly struck with one farm near Warrington, over which I had half an hour's walk, upon the best fields of which were still protruding the heavy stumps of the forest trees, cut down ten or twenty years ago. The owner told us he had 160 acres, which he bought, partly cleared, seventeen years ago, for ten dollars an acre. He had, a year ago, refused twenty dollars an

acre for it, intending to make it worth fifty; and during his occupation he had brought up a large family in comfort and independence upon it, and saved money. The crop of oats he was now clearing was a poor one, he said,—only forty-five bushels per acre.

Arrived at Ogdensburgh, on the American side of the river, I spent some time, while waiting the arrival of the train bearing Boston and other eastern passengers, in going through the extensive and commodious depôt of the Northern Railway. The works are not quite completed. They will cover an area of some forty acres, and comprise immense warehouses for the stowage of corn and other produce, a fine passenger shed, and large engine-houses and sheds for cars. The quantity of corn and flour stored here in the fall is very large. Last year it was 80,000 barrels. Unfortunately, however, for the railways, the rate for conveyance of these staples is brought down by the competition of the steamers to a very low point; the charge from Toronto to Montreal being but one shilling per barrel of 218 lbs., or a farthing per ton per mile.

Opposite Ogdensburgh is the village of Prescott, remarkable as the scene of a deadly conflict during the rebellion, the traces of which it still exhibits, in dismantled houses, and a windmill in ruins.

On the evening of this day we entered a part of the river, called, from the unceasing abundance of islets which gem its surface, the "Lake of the Thousand Isles." These islets, above fifteen hundred in number, vary in size from tiny things, little bigger than an upturned boat, to areas of many hundred acres. They are a succession of rocky excrescences, mostly covered with wood, which grows, or overhangs, down to the water's edge. Some of them are cultivated, but the mass are just as nature left them, when—their broken and jutting strata having settled

into bearings far down below the stream, on the morrow of some vast convulsion and upheaving of nature—the forest was at last established. How long a time elapsed before the action of the weather had produced, from the hard face of the stone itself, soil enough for the lichen and the moss, or for these, in their turns, to become the receptacle of the seeds of forest-trees, blown from some distant region—is a problem. In threading these islands, sometimes our vessel passed through tortuous passages, apparently blocked up at the end, and within a few yards of land, but by a sudden turn emerged into fine large basins, and so wound and twined its way along. As the sun declined, every island made a full, clear reflection in the glassy surface of the water; and the boughs and branches, the flowers by the water's edge, the very marks upon the rocks, were repeated upside down, as if in a perfect mirror. The whole scene bore an air of such complete seclusion, that our noisy passage through it appeared like a rude intrusion into some fairy realm, before-time uninvaded by mortal visits. The birds were disturbed from amongst the trees, and the wild-ducks and other water-fowl skimmed away, scared at the splashing of our paddles and the panting of our engine.

At sunset we stopped to take in wood at Gannanoque, a village sweetly placed on a swelling hillock above the river. Here I entered some of the houses, and found considerable comfort, plenty of dirt, and a good many pigs, who seemed on the best possible terms with the children. An Irishwoman, standing at her door, her eldest son in her arms, a fine bright-eyed urchin, told me, in return for my compliments on the healthy appearance of the child, that she “had been afeather bathing him; for sure he had made himself dirty with playing with the pig.”

The full moon had risen high when we left the last of the isles behind us; and late at night we emerged from the St. Lawrence,

and arrived at Kingston, the tin roofs of which shone brightly in the moonlight.

Kingston is an important town, and is the port of the Rideau Canal, which connects Bytown and the Ottawa with Lake Ontario. A walk through the streets by moonlight enabled us to see the market-house, a stone building, considered to be the finest in Upper Canada.

Keeping along the north shore of Lake Ontario, we stopped at several thriving little ports, and arrived in Toronto early on the afternoon of Saturday.

Toronto is the chief city of Upper Canada, and is evidently a highly prosperous place. It has a thoroughly Anglo-Saxon cast about it, and looks new and bright. The streets are long and wide, the houses, generally of brick, high and regular; and every where is the appearance of vigorous trade and rapid extension. The houses of the richer classes are fully equal to those in the suburbs of Montreal; while no old dilapidated dwellings like those which appear in that city are here visible. There are many fine public buildings—St. Lawrence Hall, the Banks, the Parliament House, and many others. The grounds of King's College are well worth a visit. Toronto is at present the seat of Government, and the Governor-general resides here.

This city, and its people, present many points of favourable contrast with the older cities and population of Lower Canada. The soil and climate may perhaps be more favourable, and the vicinity of American energy may have some effect; but the secret of the greater growth of this province may be traced to its settlement by American royalists in 1783. These men, driven away from their country by their adherence to the British crown, here found, at the hands of Government, a refuge and new home. The whole land along the St. Lawrence, above the French settlements, was formed into townships, and farms were allotted to

these, the "United Empire Royalists," who thus became the fathers of Upper Canada. The population of Upper Canada was not more than 210,000 in 1830, now it is nearly 1,000,000. Much of the land in the province is equal to any in the world; and nature seems to have given every aid to the formation of a great country. All that is wanting would seem to be that independence, which, with all its reputed vices, would appear to be the condition of Anglo-Saxon progress. Canada has been hitherto the resort of British settlers only, while the United States have become a home for all the world.

VIII.

CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS.

MONDAY, *September 8, 1851.*

I LEFT New York to escape the heat, but have hardly mended my position. The thermometer on Saturday was 79 in the shade, yesterday 84, and to-day 81.

I left Toronto in the steamer, and crossed Lake Ontario to the mouth of the Niagara river, and thence up the river to Queenston, from whence a primitive railway and an omnibus convey the traveller to this hotel, on the "Canadian side." At the mouth of the river is the village of Niagara, and British and American forts confront each other on the opposite shores. The American fort is garrisoned by fifty men of the United States' army; who, as we were told, belonged to about half as many nations. Americans cannot afford to be soldiers.

The river up to Queenston is dark, deep, slow, and placid. No one looking at it would dream that that tranquil water had floated from Lake Erie, had been tossed over a mile or two of

rapids, had descended in spray and foam from a height of one hundred and eighty feet into a basin three hundred feet deep, and had finally emerged, in whirls, foam, and eddies, some miles below the Falls. But so it is. The lower banks of the river are undulating, but not high, and are well wooded. But from Queenston, and the opposite post of Lewiston, the course of the river up to the Falls is through a deep chasm, the perpendicular walls of which, worn by the water for ages, and covered with wood at their summits, vary from 200 to 350 feet in height.

A couple of miles above Queenston is the "Whirlpool." Here the water, coming down from the Falls, and after driving furiously over sunken rocks for most of the distance, enters a large elbow or basin, the guide took affidavit that this basin covered 450 acres, but I should divide his oath by $2\frac{1}{2}$), and the combined effects of the obstruction it meets with, perhaps a hundred feet below the surface, and of its circuits round the basin, produce a boiling and eddying mass of water, in which trees and pieces of timber are seen to float and turn about, now running up, now down the stream, now sinking under it, as if pulled down from below, and now emerging a hundred yards off, with most strange vagaries. The sight here, from the top of the cliff on the American side, looking down 300 feet, is at once grand and beautiful. The heat and fury of the waters contrast with the softness and sweetness of the woody summits, and the bold and stately outlines of the crags, and produce a picture second only to the Falls themselves.

Near this, but lower down, is a place called the "Devil's hole," where they show you a deep ravine or chasm in the rock, by which you can pass down to the water side, and exhibit a broken bombshell, which they gravely tell you has just been found in the *solid* rock. As to this latter, no doubt the shell was fired from the opposite shore, upon which is the monument

to General Brock, who fought and fell in an unsuccessful action, near the site, during the war of 1812.

The geological theory is, that the Falls descended originally into the lower part of the river at Queenston, and have gradually, by the action of the water upon the rocks, receded to their present place, seven miles above. This seems palpable. The lower visible strata is Clinton limestone, above that are layers of softer shale, and upon the shale is a bed of limestone of recent formation. The action of the water has had, and still has, the effect of washing out and wearing away the softer portions of the shale, until the upper bed of limestone at last overhangs so far, that the weight and force of the water brings it down into the abyss below, from whence it is driven onwards down the stream, making, by repeated falls, a great angular pavement of huge fragments of rock, along the whole bed of the higher stream. Lyell says that about 35,000 years have been required to effect this gradual recession of the Falls. We hear, however, that the centre of the Horseshoe Fall has receded, by falls of rock, two hundred feet in the last fifteen years—a rate of recession, which, if applying equally to the sides, would give 7000 years only. You will say I must be very idle to make such calculations. But to go back.

We were all advised, on landing at Queenston, to take a carriage, and not trust the railway. One gentleman said it was highly dangerous: and that accidents so frequently occurred, that the trains now invariably carried a "jack," to lift up the cars when they got off the line; and also a big man, to "put his shoulder to the wheel" in case of need. But it was evening, and growing dusk, and we found that the few carriages at the landing had all been engaged beforehand. So we manfully ascended the hill-side for about half a mile, and found a train consisting of one large old car and one baggage waggon, to which

two horses were harnessed tandem—waiting. We found the big man on the box already, and the "jack" beside him. I mounted the roof, as the evening was beautiful—the sun still leaving a deep red glow upon the western horizon, and the moon's pale beams skimming the surface of the corn-fields with streaks of pale light; while the quiet waters of the lake in the distance, reflected the dark masses of wood along its shores. I was of opinion, too, that the roof was the safest place. This railway is an old worn-out tram-road, the rails being thin iron bars nailed on to longitudinal timbers. We started, at length, with much whip-cracking, shouting, and desperate effort: and bumped, tossed, swung, and rocked along in a manner most interesting. For two miles the "line" runs up the side of the hill, until at last you look down for about 400 feet, almost perpendicularly, into the valley below. The hill-side is furrowed with streams, and, of course, these streams have to be bridged over with timbers. On crossing these bridges, the conductor invariably shook his legs, held on hard, and opened his weather-eye, ready for a jump. These precautions appeared needful, for a tumble of a few hundred feet was a highly probable event, since the difference in the level of the rails was occasionally some trifle of eight or ten inches; and nails apparently being scarce, the tram-rails stuck up "rather endways," as the conductor said, now and then causing frequent contests between the wheels and themselves as to which should get out of the way first. But the conductor, after vainly attempting to convince us that the Canadian rebellion of 1839 had dilapidated the railway, consoled us with the declaration, that while the baggage waggon before us might get off and get "jammed," inasmuch as its wheels were so set as to be a "leetle" too narrow for the gauge of the rails, still, our *car* was quite safe, *unless* it fell over sideways, in which case, he "suspected," we should "just get considerable of a

rowl;"—but that that seldom happened. In spite of those crumbs of comfort, I almost regretted that we had promised an extra half-dollar if we got in before the carriage people, who, by the way, were some of the Canadian ministry, going over to meet the governor-general, who is at Niagara, and included M. Lafontaine, a celebrity, who has a massive head, a fine French, Napoleonic face, and mild black eyes. We passed the carriages on the road, however, and gave a shout of triumph as we did so; and after a jolt of an hour we had done our seven miles, and were driving over the remaining distance of about half a mile to the hotel, where we got nice rooms fronting the American Fall, and having also a fine view of the Horseshoe Fall and the country about it.

But here were the Falls! Some people say that at first they disappoint their dreams; but that frequent gazing at last gives the sublime idea. I confess I was awestruck. For I burst suddenly upon the two great descending seas, seeing them from the opposite shore, and caught sight of their great walls of water, silvered with the evening shade, and here and there streaked with reflected moonbeams, and of the masses of white vapour, rising some hundreds of feet in the air, and descending at every change of the light evening breeze in a gentle rain. These great waters, as I said before, come down from Lake Erie, by the Niagara river. They then pass round Grand Island and Navy Island, and uniting below, come down to Goat Island, a small rocky islet covered with fine trees, firs, maples, beeches, and others. Here they again divide, and first breaking into a series of cascades or rapids, between the broken rocks studding the bed of the stream, descend perpendicularly as the lower or "American" Fall, 164 feet; and as the higher or "Horseshoe" Fall, which is 166 feet. The American Fall appears like a series of flat lines of white, changing their precise form at every moment,

and breaking majestically into foam as they touch the water. At the end of this fall is a smaller one, like a cascade. The Horseshoe Fall is now shaped like a horseshoe; and while the waters, which fall over its centre, descend in huge deep, green masses, the wings exhibit white, boiling, dashing columns, and rushes—swift, roaring, and angry. The American Fall in the sunshine (while I am writing opposite to it), looks just like the beautiful film of cotton as it comes out of a carding machine—regular, white, and fleecy. The whole surface of the basin below the Horseshoe Fall is white and boiling for some hundreds of yards, and the mist created rises now some 600 feet above it, and forms little white clouds, which peel off from the parent mass, which every now and then conceals the view for a moment, and mount, like little airy balloons, into the heavens. They say the spray-cloud, always before this fall, can be seen at Toronto, on the other side of Lake Ontario, nearly fifty miles off.

Lyell estimates the volume of the falling waters of Niagara at nineteen millions and a half of gallons per minute.

I went down to the Table Rock by moonlight. This is at the Horseshoe Fall; and from it you look across that fall, and also up the great basin to the American Fall, and along the river, which carries away both waters. The sight was grand, solemn, and mysterious. A sight producing emotions inexpressible in language—emotions of awe and reverence of the Creator, involving an instinctive contrast between the thousands of ages these stupendous waters have poured down in continuous thunders their unremitting current, and the transient and fleeting life of the man who gazes on in wonder, and listens to the great hoarse voice which might be struggling to express the solemn secrets of those inland seas, of which this river Niagara forms one link of communication on their passage to the ocean, and

whose surface exceeds the whole face of our native island five times reckoned. Thunder, thunder—still the same stern music as you look down from the overhanging rock into the dim basin, near 200 feet below—while the sound of the American Fall, mellowed by the distance, breaks upon the ear at intervals, like the second part of some great tune.

White masses of water, with here and there a gleam of the moon across them; the mountain of mist, and the dark stream rushing on to the brink—the boiling mass below—the sombre woods of Goat island, and the shores of the river—one mysterious dreamy vastness—these were the features of the scene, till the rising moon at last threw her lunar bow, a great pale arch spanning the heavens, across the point of the Falls, and then the night view was perfected.

By daylight the foam glistens and sparkles, and the sun makes continuous rainbows amongst the rising spray. These, seen from Goat island, and from the tower upon the verge of the Horseshoe Fall, are so vivid and beautiful that they might compare with the sweet emblem first seen on the subsidence of the deluge.

It was in the fresh morning, just after sunrise, that two or three of us, fellow travellers, walked down the steep road which leads to the water's edge on the Canadian side, and boated across the river, just below the American Fall, to gain access to Goat island and its beautiful scenes. The passage, a quarter of a mile or somewhat more, is rough and boisterous, though safe enough. The water is fresh from its tumbles and eddies; and circles about, filled with globules of air, forced into it by the effect of the descent, which ever seek escape to the surface in a sparkling effervescence.

On landing on the American side, you may either mount some hundreds of steps, or be hauled up an inclined plane to

the summit; on which, by the water's edge, stands "Manchester" and its mills, and the Cataract Hotel.

Crossing a timber bridge boldly thrown across the rapids from rock to rock, above the American Fall, Goat island is reached; and the fine views, from amongst its tall woods, and on the overhanging ledges which command the abyss below, well repay the visit. Crossing Goat island, you gain access to the tower, placed far out in the rapids, and near the edge of the Horseshoe Fall, and look down from a height of forty feet above the water's edge into the great basin.

All this one might visit again and again, and still see some new beauty or element of grandeur. The conception of the great magnitude of the waters, grows and grows upon the mind till the impression almost becomes painful, and it is a relief to turn away to dull cleared fields and patches of buckwheat instead.

I did not fail to go under the Horseshoe Fall, below Table Rock, a feat which requires one to strip, and saves the trouble of a shower bath. The sight strange and wild; and the beating of the wind, and of showers of water, upon your face and person; together with the utter drowning of your voice in the thunder of the falling water; call for firm nerves, as you walk over narrow and slippery ledges of rock, amidst swarms of small eels—the sun seen like a distant lamp in a London fog, through the great body of water before you, and the bottomless pit yawning beneath your feet.

IX.

DETROIT, TUESDAY NIGHT,
Sept. 9, 1851.

THERMOMETER in the shade to day 84; yesterday 94, and nights hot as an oven.

On Sunday I drove out into the country from Niagara. We passed over the two great suspension bridges. One, the older and smaller, a mile below the Falls; the other, the larger and newer (indeed, it has only been opened four months), seven miles below the Falls, or just above Queenston. The former bridge, which we passed first, is a surprising work; and as we slowly drove over it, and looked up and down the river, two hundred and thirty feet below us, I felt as if moving upon a cobweb in the air, so light and fragile in appearance is this structure of iron wire. This bridge is seven hundred and fifty-four feet span, and two hundred and thirty feet above the surface of the river. Its towers, which are of timber, are fifty-five feet high; the weight of iron used is thirty-five tons; and the weight of flooring suspended forty tons. There are seventeen hundred and sixty-seven (No. 10) wires used.

The latter bridge is one thousand and forty feet span, and nineteen feet wide; so that three carriages can pass abreast, leaving a wide footpath on each side. Its flooring is suspended by ten cables of two hundred and fifty wires each. It cost, they tell me, only £15,000, which to me seems an extremely small sum: and it has earned four per cent. on this sum in the few months in which it has been opened. These bridges have a larger span than any others in the world. The Menai is, I believe, not more than five hundred feet span.

We drove on ten miles, to Tuscarora, a village of Indians of the

tribe bearing that name. The country between Niagara and this village is extremely well cultivated: some of the fields of clover and other green crops looking as fine as the best I have ever seen. The buckwheat is a good deal grown in large masses, and looks very beautiful. Orchards are plentiful, and the ripe peaches covering immense trees with their fruit, the quinces, apples, and plums, make one's mouth water. We gathered some little bright-red wild plums, which are very sweet and nice. They are about the size of a small crab, and are of a beautiful vermilion colour.

At a turn of the road, half a mile from Tuscarora, we looked across a belt of cleared and cultivated ground, over great masses of dark primeval forest, the remains of the hunting ground of the Indian, who now, driven from his wigwam into the village, has become a cultivator, though in the winter season, and at other times, he still goes out to chase bears, wolves, racoons, and every sort of forest denizen which will give him a skin to sell, or food to eat.

Arrived at Tuscarora, a scattered collection of separate cottages of wood, standing in their own ground, surrounded by patches of Indian corn or groups of fruit-trees, we went to the chapel of the Presbyterian mission. It is a small wooden building, on a rising open ground near the road, and commands a view of the forest for miles below it, and a distant glimpse of the dark blue waters of Lake Ontario, and the faint outline of the Canadian shore beyond: a thin belt of cultivation forms the foreground of the view, and by the contrast of its bright colours and treeless surface, deepens the sombre appearance of the forest. The interior of the chapel is plain as a white-washed cottage. We found it filled, and the congregation quiet to solemnity. About one hundred persons, principally Indians, were there, and the sacrament was about to be administered. The cups were

pewter; the "vessel of wine" a plain blue and white jug. The minister spoke the service, and an Indian interpreted it after him. The cup was then handed round; and afterwards a hymn in the Tuscarora language was sung, with simple sweetness and expression. Then came the benediction, and after it a short address in the language (dreadfully guttural and gaspy) from another Indian; after which the congregation broke up, and separated at once, and silently, to their homes.

All the men wore coats and trousers, though many had mocassins. The women, however, doubtless aware of the beauty of the dress, wore the Indian garb, but of Yorkshire material and pattern in most cases. Some of the extremely old ladies wore the coarse yellow blanket, dark blue coverings for the legs, of native manufacture, and mocassins of real moose deer-skin; but the younger had blankets of good blue cloth, the Yorkshire selvage being left on, as if it were a border of great rarity and design, and wore them shawl-fashion, or over the head and shoulders like a hood; they wore also trousers of blue cloth, embroidered with red and white near the feet. In some distinguished cases, red cloth trimmed with blue and orange, was used, the feet being encased in mocassins, blacked, and embroidered with the hair of the moose deer, dyed in the brightest colours. A few innovators seemed to scorn the protection of the blanket to their heads, and wore nice straw hats; and one dark beauty, and really she was a fine creature both in form and face, wore a blue blanket, a straw hat, with a showy red ribbon around it, an under dress of printed muslin, and red inexpressibles, which looked very nice, being "to the shape," and not hidden by the usual length of petticoat, which is generally worn "ample."

On Sunday evening, I had a long gaze at the Falls again by moonlight, from the Table Rock and other commanding points of

view. Still the same majesty and impressiveness: the same awe-inspiring grandeur. As I walked homewards alone, influenced by the scene, I thought of England, 4,000 miles away to the east, and of my wife, children, friends, far, far distant. It might have been cockneyish; but I could not help it.

On reaching my room, I heard a voice singing just beneath me, "Home, sweet home." The voice, that of a female, was charming; and the singer, who sang with a foreign accent, evidently was indulging in visions of some distant fatherland, which threw their recollections into the pathos of the words and music,—

"'Midst pleasures and palaces tho' I may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

The song vibrated in unison with the feelings which had then strong possession of my breast; and, as I listened, I could have burst into tears. The songstress was Jenny Lind!

On Monday afternoon I left the Falls, and drove along the river bank above them, gaining a new view down upon their course, lit up by the sun with rainbows.

I drove on to Chippewa, a thriving village, with a large tannery, and great stacks of bark; some shipping; a wooden customhouse, like many others on the Canadian side, with "V. R." in rough paint, on a no less rough board, over the door; some capacious stores and really good houses; and a barrister, who notifies his presence by an enormous sign-board. We started from Chippewa creek in a steamer, and passed out into the Niagara, three miles above the Falls, steaming slowly against the deep and powerful stream.

We soon came abreast of Navy Island, which the rebels and their American sympathizers occupied and held possession of, in 1839, in the presence of a large English force, for months. From

this island the chief rebel, William Lyon Mackenzie, issued proclamations, styling himself "Provisional President of Canada,"—and many cannonadings and skirmishes took place during his reign. From hence, too, the *Caroline* was cut out and sent over the Falls, by an English militia officer and his party.

On coming on board the steamer I noticed a little thin man of fifty-five, one of the passengers, dressed in decent but ill-made black, a tolerable hat, large shoes and white stockings, and a black silk neckerchief, and turn-down collar. His hair, or wig, was bushy, and of light colour; his whiskers wiry and foxy grey; his nose thin, small, and straight; his mouth firm and wrinkled, the under lip protruding; his eyes large and restless, and shaded by overhanging eyebrows; his hands gloveless, and his nails rough and a trifle shady, perhaps owing to the heat. Accompanying him were a large, homely, and honest-looking woman, his wife; and two well-grown and sufficiently well-dressed young ladies, his daughters. On the whole, he might have been taken for some decent tailor; perhaps a town-councillor of a small borough, where there had been abuses which his soul had hated.

This gentleman was Mr. Mackenzie, now a freeman under the Act of Indemnity, and member for Kiuga (at £300 a year) in the parliament of the very provinces he plunged, or aided to plunge, in civil war. Mackenzie was originally a letterpress printer. They say he has done good service recently; and has exposed abuses, including land jobs and other government mismanagement.

A sail of twenty miles brought us to Buffalo, a thriving town of 50,000 inhabitants, at the head of Lake Erie:—its streets of noble width, its churches numerous and well built, its houses handsome, and its hotels—"the American" and the "Mansion-house," for example—extensive, and even splendid. It has grown up almost in a night, like most American cities; and, being on the

high-road to the West, it is a most important centre, and is still increasing. I called with Mr. — at the house of a fellow-passenger, a Dr. —, drove all through the town, saw the large steamers and the shipping, and mounted to the top of the "Mansion-house" to view the setting sun and the expanse of building around. "Main-street" is a fine street of shops, hotels, &c., and is 150 feet wide.

Our cab-driver, who came from Hull six years ago, and says he has saved 800 dollars, told me that there are 215 cabs and coaches in the town,—that new hay is worth seven dollars a ton, and old, ten to eleven,—that oats are thirty cents a bushel—and that the average rent of cottages occupied by people earning a dollar a day, is one dollar per week.

I got on board the Atlantic, a large and splendid vessel, at eight in the evening, and sailed for Detroit (285 miles—270 on Lake Erie, and 15 up the Detroit river) at ten. We had on board 700 passengers, who had all to be bedded, and breakfasted, and dined next day. It was a motley assemblage;—fine intelligent, educated men, and elegant ladylike women: big, coarse, rough fellows, from six feet six inches to seven feet six in height, like bears on two legs; and stalwart women, with hands and feet of Nature's fullest development; German, Irish, and English families—in fact, every imaginable contrast of face, figure, age, and position. The wise division of steerage from cabin passengers, did not separate the uncivilized people from the polished; and the scene at meals, in parts of the great long tables—the snatching, reaching, and devouring—"beat natur." Manners were not over good in too many cases. For instance, one "gentleman" from Minnesota, a newly settled territory, got incensed at a negro waiter for attempting to take away his plate too soon, at dinner, and politely called him, in good round tones, "a black —." I will not write, or ask you to imagine, the hot epithet. Ladies

were sitting near in abundance. But they looked resigned, as if the rudeness was not unusual.

After a sail of fifteen and a half hours, through a hot night—sleeping three together in state-rooms six feet long and four feet eight inches wide—and a day of semi-suffocation, we arrived at Detroit, which is situated on American territory, fifteen miles from Lake Erie, and on the great western and northern route. Here are 25,000 inhabitants, wide streets, good hotels, good brick houses, and plenty of stir and business,—all going fast ahead.

X.

CHICAGO, THURSDAY, Sept. 11, 1851.

AFTER spending a night at Detroit, I took the Michigan Central Railway to New Buffalo, and then went on by steamer across Lake Michigan, to this place, where I arrived at five o'clock this morning.

The Michigan Central Railway runs from Detroit to New Buffalo, and crosses the southern portion of the peninsula formed by Lakes Huron and Michigan. It was originally promoted by the state, but is now the property of Eastern capitalists, who work it with great good management and success. It has recently been the battle-ground of a wide-spread conspiracy intended to "put it down." The conspirators, residing principally on the western division of the line, pulled up rails, felled trees across the track, set fire to bridges, fired at engine-drivers, and produced great danger and embarrassment for a long period. At last, growing bold by impunity, they set fire to and burned down the great depôt, or goods station, at Detroit, causing a loss to the company, and to the parties having flour and other stores ware-

housed there, of several hundred thousand dollars. The company upon this set vigorously to work, and organized a system of spy system, which led to the apprehension of sixty persons, including many highly respectable residents in the state. Two or three of these persons died suddenly and mysteriously in prison, the suspicion being that they had committed suicide, though this is denied, I believe, in one case. The remainder were under trial at Detroit when I left, the opinion of the public being, however, that they would be acquitted.

The railroad passes for about half its length through a flat and marshy country, and for the remainder through richer, undulating, and more valuable sections. It runs through ten or twelve new towns and villages, at one of which, Ypsilanti, is a military establishment. It has stations at Ypsilanti where there is a college, and at Kalamazoo, which gives its name to a river, winding and beautiful, but here and there half filled with fallen and rotting trees and foliage. This is the country of the Black Hawks and of Tecumseh; and at Battle Creek, upon the Kalamazoo, bloody deeds were done in those obstinate Indian wars of twenty years back, which made the reputation of so many American generals.

Michigan is "newly settled," that is, a country organized and wound up for regular departmental movement, only twenty or thirty years ago: and from the generally good quality of the land, the intersection of the railway, and the accessible line of coast formed by the lakes which surround it, it is a state of great present and prospective importance. The towns are mostly built of wood, the houses generally painted white, and having the usual green window-blinds. The streets, like those of all new towns in the States, are laid out of good width, and at right angles with each other. Reservations of open spaces to

promote the health of the increasing populations are usually made.

As you travel along, you see settlements of every age. Here you have a new-comer, with a decently built log hut, in the midst of a small cleared space,—the man chopping away at the trees, or turning up the soil, and looking vastly independent; the woman washing or working at her door, and the children running about with great glee and vigour. Then comes an older settlement, grown into a village, with its flag-staff, school, and “institutions,” literary and commercial—the latter with enormous and somewhat imaginative signboards, announcing the dealing of the proprietors. Then may be seen a thriving town, with all the life, and all the omnibuses, required to stamp its character of advancement. While, intervening, you have land in all states of progress, from the unenclosed primeval forest to the well cultivated and snake-fenced section, with all the signs of good farming and wealth; including, perhaps, a very superior and often tasteful residence of good brick or stone, large enough for a man of £1000 a year in Lancashire.

The steps of the transition are very interesting. The first remove from the mere forest exhibits girdled, dying, and leafless trees, with a rough crop of Indian corn or buckwheat beneath them. Then come large fields roughly fenced in, and growing both crop and weeds luxuriantly, but still dotted over with the stumps of trees, not yet sufficiently dry and decayed to be stubbled up and burned. As the country advances in cultivation, you see fewer and fewer of these stumps; the fencing gradually improves, and the weeds diminish, until, as the result perhaps of ten or fifteen years' labour, you find good square fields, capable, with proper cultivation, of growing excellent crops, and worth perhaps forty, fifty, or even seventy dollars per acre, having cost originally the government price of one dollar and a

quarter per acre. In this part of the country wood is now somewhat scarce and in demand, and the timber will, in many cases, pay the cost of clearing.

Our train from Detroit was, as is usual at this season, crammed with people, new-comers and old ones, "going West." We started with about five hundred passengers, most of them going through. Their united fares would give the company £500. The baggage of these passengers came not merely in piles, but in mountains: and was dealt with, by a system of double checks, very cleverly by the officials of the company. We had seven cars, holding eighty passengers each, in our train. The passengers' baggage filled two large cars, each thirty feet long, and must have weighed twenty tons. You never saw such monstrous boxes, such queer-shaped trunks—and such a variety of owners for them too! Men and women of all countries: and what a jabber of English, German, French, Italian, Spanish, Indian, and "nigger American!"

At Marshall, where we stopped to dine (the train is eleven hours in doing the two hundred and eighteen miles), we had a crush and perfect scramble, first, for the wash-basins, secondly, for the comb and brush nailed by a string to the wall, and thirdly, for seats at the dinner table. Fortunately for themselves, the ladies had been beforehand introduced through a side-door, and all sat together in a row when we inferior creatures entered. A fellow at the door called out, "Ladies' way in *wast!*" which means, I believe, "to the left."

As we reached the end of our journey, we had a thunder storm and violent rain; which cooled the air, and left behind it one of those fierce cloudy sunsets, which are very fine with us, but are finer here, from their greater intensity of light and colour.

At last—and, despite the really good arrangements of the Railway Company, it was a tiresome day—we got to New Buffalo, had

tea, got hold of our luggage after a two hours' rummage for it, and were off across the lake to Chicago by steamer, about midnight. But alas! there were no berths to be had on board; all had been engaged: so about a hundred of us lay down for a couple of hours on the floor, warmed by the boilers beneath, and chilled by strong drafts of cold air above. Our company was miscellaneous, and the concert of nasal music interesting. I wish, however, the great rough fellows had been more cleanly. As it was, the cabin was redolent of a variegated odour, which at last drove me out into the open air; and, on returning for a great-coat, I found that my big neighbour had coolly rolled over on to my mattress, as more comfortable, I suppose, than his own. Not desiring to resume my place, I did not, of course, contest his "squatter's rights," for that is the term, but walked the deck till the early morning light showed us the low prairies, a few feet only above the level of the lake, on which is founded this city of Chicago.

The view of Chicago from the roof of the Tremont house is very singular. The boundaries of the prospect are the great prairies of Illinois on one side, and Lake Michigan on the other; and, looking across the mass of streets and buildings, these two wastes of rough grass land and of water are seen, without relief, as far as the eye can reach.

To-day the foundation stone of a new court-house has been laid, and we have had a long procession of the militia, horse and foot, each company having its own uniform and peculiar appointments; of the firemen, a body composed of young men, all volunteers, as in other places, and dressed in very fanciful and sometimes tasteful costume; of the odd-fellows; and of other bodies of the public. We have had the usual amount of music, excitement, speeches, and the firing of cannon.

XI.

THE Western States suggest deeply interesting reflections as to the future, as well of America as of England. The "West," a generation ago, meant the more distant parts of the state of New York, then almost inaccessible, and inhabited by Indians and wild beasts. Now it means a vast territory far beyond the region once deemed too remote for occupation; and in many of the features of its progress it has outstripped and shot beyond that very region itself. Indeed, before the recent complete opening of the Erie railroad, which intersects the back country of New York state, and connects the city of New York with Lake Erie—the north-western boundary of the state—many parts of the far West were, owing to their natural situation upon rivers and lakes, and to the construction of roads and railways, more accessible for passenger travelling than some portions of the Empire state itself.

The western states comprise the vast tracts of country in the western portions of the basin of the St. Lawrence, and the northern portions of the basin of the Mississippi. They consist of the states of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, and of the territories of Missouri, Nebraska, and Minnesota. Their boundaries are the British possessions, and Lakes Superior, Huron, and Erie, to the north; Pennsylvania and Virginia, to the east; Kentucky, Arkansas, and the Indian territory, to the south; and the Rocky Mountains, to the west. They contain an area of 1,150,000 square miles, have a climate in which the Anglo-Saxon can live in health and energy, and possess resources which would be inexhaustible even by an emigration of half the population of Europe.

OHIO has an area of 39,628 square miles, and a population of 1,980,000. In 1788 it was a wilderness of dense forests and wild prairies, and it was the scene of Indian wars until, in 1794, Wayne's expedition completely subjugated the country. It was received into the Union as a "state" in 1802, having previously been governed as a territory. It is now the third state in the Union in point of population and wealth.

The total value of its taxable property a year ago, was—

23,768,835 acres of land,	= 264,661,957 dollars.
Value of towns,	71,177,354 „
Personal property, monies, and credits, ...	92,235,476 „
Total	428,074,787 „

Or, £86,000,000 sterling.

At the same period there were in the state 506,833 horses, 2,058,933 cattle, 3,911,836 sheep, and 1,917,672 hogs. And, from the returns connected with the special taxes raised to meet the interest upon loans for public works, I find that the inhabitants possessed 56,805 pleasure carriages, 68,516 watches, and 2,117 pianos.

This state, of less than fifty years old, produces enormous quantities of grain of every description; and its annual clip of wool amounts to 4,000,000 lbs. It possesses mineral wealth in abundance; and Cincinnati, its largest city, at the southwestern corner of the state, is the great workshop, and, next to St. Louis, the great emporium, of the west.

Ohio possesses 100 miles of railway, and 900 miles of canal, now in active operation.

There are in Ohio 5,062 common schools, with an average attendance of 91,000 children, and the school fund owned by the state amounts to more than £300,000 sterling.

INDIANA, the neighbour state of Ohio, has an area of 36,580 square miles, and a population of about 1,000,000. In size and importance Indiana resembles Ohio. It has a school fund, which, inclusive of £300,000, the estimated value of school lands unsold, amounts to £400,000 sterling; and possesses about 2,000 common schools, and about 100 academies and colleges.

MICHIGAN consists of the southern and northern peninsulas. The southern, or Michigan Proper, is the peninsula bounded by Lakes Michigan and Huron. It contains 39,856 square miles. The northern peninsula lies between Lakes Michigan and Superior; and in it are the great copper regions of Lake Superior. It contains 16,387 square miles. The population of Michigan is 425,000.

This state was made a separate territorial government in 1805, and was admitted as a state of the Union in 1836. It has a mild and salubrious climate, and unequalled natural resources. It is in its very early infancy; but possesses already 384 miles of railway, and will soon have 400 miles more, completed and at work.

It raised, in 1849, 1,774,369 lbs. of maple sugar, 4,739,300 bushels of wheat, and 8,179,767 bushels of all other grains. The yield of wheat, owing doubtless to the rough and partially uncleared surface of the soil, appears by the returns to average only ten and a quarter bushels to the acre.

To show how rapidly it progresses, I may mention, that while in 1840 there were in the whole state only 99,618 sheep; in 1849 there were 610,568, producing 1,645,756 lbs. of wool, the average clip having risen from $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. per sheep to $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; and in the same period it had doubled its production of grain, and increased its make of flour nearly fourfold.

It has a university; 270 school libraries, or one in every

other township in the state; 2,869 school districts, and 97,658 scholars.

ILLINOIS was a region of prairies. It covers an area of 55,000 square miles. It has a population of 800,000. The soil is deep, rich, and highly productive. In this state are the great lead districts of 200 miles long and 60 miles broad, with Galena as a centre, in which the ore obtained is said to be the richest in the world. Copper and iron also exist in the state. Also coal in abundance.

Illinois has several colleges, 60 academies and grammar schools, and 2,317 common schools, at which 51,447 children are taught for various terms during the year.

MISSOURI is the largest of the western states. It possesses an area of 67,451 square miles, and has a population of 589,000. Its surface is about equally divided between timber and prairie land. It is the most southerly of the western states. It was admitted into the Union as a slave state in 1821, having been part of Louisiana. At the time of its admission vehement discussions took place, and it was only received on condition of the "Missouri Compromise line," as it was called, being adopted. By this compromise slave soil and free soil were permanently divided; so that, except as regards Missouri, no slave territory can be recognised beyond 36° 30' of north latitude.

St. Louis is in Missouri, and is a city of great magnitude and wealth. Placed as it is upon the Mississippi, eighteen miles below the junction of the Missouri with that river, into both of which great streams flow numerous other rivers, running east and west into the heart of the country, and being also in connection with the Ohio river—it commands the commerce of an immense district. It is stated that its trade already amounts to half as much as the whole foreign commerce of the United States, and that steamers, having an aggregate of 500,000

tons, trade regularly with it along a deep river navigation of little less than 5,000 miles in extent. Thirty-one of the articles of produce received at St. Louis during 1849, possessed a total value of over £2,000,000 sterling. The largest item in this list was wheat, of which 1,792,000 bushels, possessing a value of 1,434,000 dollars, were received; and the next in amount was lead, of which 16,428 tons, having a value of 1,402,000 dollars, were received.

IOWA, north of Missouri, has a surface of 50,914 square miles, and a population of about 160,000. It was admitted into the Union as a state in 1846. It is a great prairie, with comparatively little wood, except that which grows upon the margins of its rivers. The land is fine, and easily cultivated. Lead, zinc, and iron, are found in abundance in the neighbourhood of Dubuque. In this state, grain of all kinds, tobacco, and sheep and hogs, are the staple productions. The buffalo has already been driven out by the settlement of the country; but wolves, panthers, and wild-cats still abound, and the black bear is still hunted in the wooded districts. The state has at present neither railroads nor canals; but its common roads, aided by the level surface of the ground itself, at present suffice for the people, who, however, have projected, and are about to prosecute, extensive railway works through their state. As this is so new and so distant a state, it is interesting to know—that it has a university; that the constitution makes it imperative that it shall have a school in each district; and that its school fund (the education being under the charge of a superintendent, elected for three years) amounted in November 1848 to some £28,000 sterling, which sum is regularly fed and augmented by the proceeds of land granted by Congress, by the rents of lands unsold, and by military exemption fines, and the fines inflicted by the law courts.

The value of the 3,150,394 acres of land assessed in 1849 for taxation was 10,349,644 dollars.

Value of town lots and improvements..... 2,945,299 „

Capital employed in merchandise..... 819,637 „

Mills, manufactures, carding machines, &c..... 319,211 „

All other property 4,062,580 „

Total..... 18,496,371 „

The number of horses in the state was 34,711; number of cattle, 91,222; sheep, 140,787; hogs, 226,861. There were also 4,756 pleasure carriages; 1,311 watches (a small number, but, perhaps, the tax-gatherer was "done"), and only 47 pianos.

WISCONSIN was admitted as a state of the Union in 1848. It has risen up with a rapidity astonishing even in America. It possesses a surface of 53,924 square miles, and has, or rather had a year ago (for it must now have far more), a population of 280,000. It is described as "one vast plain," of rich deep soil, capable of growing in luxuriance all the products of a temperate climate. Its long coast lines on Lakes Michigan and Superior, give it great advantages, both as regards accessibility and commerce. Fourteen years ago, one of its chief cities, Milwaukee, at the mouth of a river of that name, on Lake Michigan, was surrounded by a wilderness, and contained only two log huts. Now it contains between 20,000 and 30,000 inhabitants, and has an immense trade in grain and the other produce of the rapidly improving country at its back.

The provision for education in this newly settled country is an example to all nations. The Wisconsin university was established at Madison in 1849. The country is divided into 2,200 school districts, which are erected and set to work as fast as population appears in them. The school fund consists, not merely of the sixteenth sections of land in each

parish, common to all states for purposes of education where national lands exist, but of 500,000 acres specially granted by Congress, of the proceeds of all forfeitures and fines, and of five per cent. upon all sales of public lands in the state. Thus, the educational wants of the country are met. The system anticipates, instead of waiting for, the growth of the population; and, apart from education for itself, political unity is promoted by the English tuition offered to the children of foreigners from all parts of the world, who flock here in crowds.

MINNESOTA, is now a territory, and will soon apply to be admitted as a state. It has an area of 166,000 square miles, and a population of 10,000 or 20,000.

This and the "western territory" comprise the whole of the north-western lands, bounded by the 49th parallel of north latitude, and by the Rocky Mountains. The "western territory" has an area of 579,584 square miles, and is unsettled. It contains those vast levels, covered with coarse grass, having hardly a hillock in hundreds of miles, where the bisons wander in herds of vast number, and are hunted by the Indian and the white trapper. This district, fifty years hence, however, may, like others now of no greater age, have driven out the wild cattle, have substituted domestic animals instead, and have converted interminable hunting-grounds into corn-fields and pastures.

The political consequences of this are pregnant with interest, bringing about, as they must, from the certain preponderance and overwhelming power of the Free States, a settlement of the question of slavery; and threatening to overpower and supplant the influence of the great seaboard cities which hitherto have guided the destinies of the country.

XI.

DETROIT, SATURDAY, *September 13, 1851.*

ONE of my objects at Chicago was to see a prairie. I hired, one day, a vehicle and a good horse (indeed almost all the horses there are swift and well limbed), and drove with a friend right out upon the prairie lands, which encircle the town, and, with intervals of cultivation, cover with their even surface a large portion of the state of Illinois.

There are two kinds of prairie land; one having an even, regular surface; the other, undulating or rolling, and being called, in consequence, "rolling prairie." The prairie immediately around Chicago is of the former class, and is either covered with short, scrubby bushes, or with long, three-edged grass, which waves in the wind, and reflects every change of cloud or light, like a sheet of water. Standing upon this prairie, we had around a line of distant horizon, unbroken save by some clumps of trees, or "islands," which here and there alleviate the otherwise entire sameness of the scene. We walked amongst the grass, disturbing the quails and prairie hens, with dry shoes; though in wet weather the soil is rather swampy. We found an immense variety of wild-flowers, some of them extremely beautiful, growing amongst the grass, and pulled more than thirty separate kinds within a space of half a mile.

The prairie grass becomes so dry at times, that in the fall of the year it ignites, and burns for miles, the flames rushing along and lighting up the whole country—a sea of fire. Then every animal runs for shelter, and the small "islands" of woodland are filled with horses, cows, and every description of quadruped and reptile, in strange companionship.

As we lingered on the prairie, the sun began to decline and

set in fire, painting the vast horizon and mass of sky, which the entirely level land gave uninterruptedly to the sight, in gorgeous colours. Large masses of cloud were drifting over the west; and these became golden, amber, ruby, and Tyrian purple, with changing form and deepening or fading shade, as they formed into great lines and mountains, and then sailed away. This is the land of sunsets.

On returning, we looked in at a sort of little Vauxhall, called the "National Gardens," occupying some four acres upon the prairie, about two miles out of town, and kept by a German. There we saw all our English garden flowers growing with great luxuriance upon the plain soil, proving how rich the land must be. The German came to us as we were sitting gazing at the glowing western sky, and told us of his rise and progress in this country; how he had set up a store, also had held auctions, also had kept a register office and coffee-house, also had established a house of entertainment for balls and routs out of town, also had sold clothes—his wife "making beer, and baking cakes and pies;" how a fire had burned down his premises, and how he had been nearly "killed with his mind" by losing 2000 dollars in consequence; how he had bought the land now forming the gardens for fifty dollars an acre three years ago, and had laid out 1000 dollars upon it; and how he "gueshed" it did a "good trade," and was now worth 5000 dollars—and much more of the same sort. He added, that an "old German fellow" on the opposite side of the way, had eighty acres of prairie land fronting the road, for which he had paid seventy dollars an acre a couple of years ago—while it was now worth 500 dollars an acre. And that another man, who had paid 600 dollars for a plot, had recently divided it into forty lots, and sold it for 5,650 dollars. These advances in value had all taken place within the last three years.

The heat being still excessive, and the mosquitoes troublesome, I resolved to drop my intended journey to St. Louis, especially as the conveyance down the canal and river was most uncomfortable in hot weather, and as the country was not over healthy. But, before leaving the prairie district, I resolved to see this description of land under grain cultivation.

I therefore left Chicago in the morning, and steamed across Lake Michigan to "Michigan city." This village is planted amongst the sandhills which line the southern shore of the lake, and was to have been, and perhaps some time may yet be, a great place. At present, however, it reminds one of the "Valley of Eden." There are two good wharves, and a large storehouse for grain; and the whole support of the location would seem to be its trade of forwarding produce from the northern parts of Indiana to market. All the houses are of wood, and sadly out at elbow. The hotel, the "Lake House," where we dined, has a great wooden portico, but the interior is sad to behold. The streets are unpaved and sandy, and the "city" is more to be admired for its future than its present prospects.

We here got a pair of good horses, and drove over a plank road, cut right through the forest in straight interminable line, to Laporte. The youth who drove us was a fine little example of American precocity. He told us he had left "the folks" to home, two years ago, because his father had beaten him with a whip, and he would not go home again, as he did not like to be beaten. He was thirteen years old, intelligent, and cool as a man of thirty. He seemed inclined to "rile up" when Mr. ——— addressed him as "my lad." I suppose, "Sir" would have been more "convenable." He "guessed" railways were built in America for "far less than in our country, and were just as good;" and "suspected" we grew little corn "to home," and were dependent upon "Uncle Sam" for our supply; and that if

"Uncle Sam" were to "rile up," and "get mad," and go to war, and not let us have any corn at all, we should all have to starve, "and that was a fact!"

On our way to Laporte, at a place called "Waterford," I found a signboard nailed to a tree, setting forth as follows:—"Cash paid for corn, rye, barley, and hogs of all kinds."

Near Laporte is some very beautiful scenery, and a succession of sweet little lakes, many of them covered with lotuses in full flower. On a little knoll overlooking one of these lakes, is the poor-house, its present inmates being a blind man, a paralytic woman, and an idiot boy.

The country round Laporte is cleared and well cultivated, growing splendid crops of cereals. The wheat is already reaped, but the Indian corn is standing, and looks extremely well.

At Laporte we met Mr. ———, and drove on to "Carlisle Hill," through a fine country, which ten years ago was wild prairie, but now will grow immense crops of grain year after year, without manure, and with no symptom of exhaustion.

Before we reached "Carlisle Hill" night had fallen, and the land began to give out the accumulated heat of the day. It was something like walking over hot ashes. Near our journey's end we passed an encampment of Irish emigrants, who had a fire kindled in the wood, and were falling out desperately, and about to come to heavy blows. A little further on, two brawny fellows of the same class stood in the middle of the road, and budged reluctantly; but, as we addressed them first, they moved off, remarking, in answer to our kind enquiries after their health, that they "guessed, sure, they were about all right."

"Carlisle Hill" is a small village, consisting of a public-house kept by a fine old farmer, and about a dozen other houses. It stands on a high "roll" of the prairie, and overlooks a beautiful

plain, stretching away for miles in magnificent cultivation, and bordered in the distance with wood.

This prairie soil is light, and is cultivated with ease. One man and a boy, they say, are enough to look after seventy acres of Indian corn. The crops of wheat, on one part of our landlord's farm of 300 acres, have year after year, as he told us, reached eighty bushels to the acre—an almost incredible quantity. Here are all kinds of fruit-trees, and all sorts of animals to kill. A good supply of water, but impregnated with iron. The "Michigan Southern" railroad traverses the district, and will have a depôt at this village. This fine land, in full order of cultivation, can be bought for from thirty to fifty dollars per acre. Farmers will till it for the owner for one third of the crop, as rent. Labourers' wages are three dollars a week, and their board.

We sat at the open door, and talked about railways, land, and politics, with Mr. —— and one of the engineers of the railway—our landlord, the village storekeeper, and all the helps, around for audience—enjoying the comparative coolness, till late on in the night. We became so highly popular, that the best room in the house was assigned to Mr. —— and myself. But, alas! we tossed about sleepless till five o'clock next morning, in such a state of sweat, mosquitoes, and misery, as it would be difficult to describe.

At sunrise, we mounted the waggon of our friend the storekeeper, a wild eccentric young fellow, who insisted on driving us himself, and would take no recompense whatever for the trouble; and, with two spirited horses before us, whirled over a road, sometimes "corduroy" and sometimes otherwise, and through holes and ruts of varying depth—to the railway station at Terre Coupée.

On reaching Detroit in the evening, we found the temperature changed. The thermometer had fallen from ninety degrees

in the shade to fifty-six, and the night was frosty, with a keen north wind.

A hot bath, at the end of this hard travelling, I have found to be an indescribable luxury and comfort. I am looking forward to to-morrow for a quiet Sunday, with intense pleasure.

XIII.

STEAMER, KEYSTONE STATE, ON LAKE ERIE,
MONDAY, *September 15, 1851.*

RISING very early yesterday, I found that a fine breezy morning and a bright sunrise had succeeded a stormy night. The wind still blew from the north, and its coldness and bracing influence was most grateful after the heat and exhaustion of many previous days. The morning was, indeed, one of those enjoyed now and then by all, but more especially and often by the over-toiled—on which one awakes with feelings similar, I should imagine, to those of a snake who has just cast his old dried-up skin. The body is restless for exercise: the legs twitching, as much as to say, *Why don't you walk me, run me, jump me?* and the arms mutely urging a climb up the next tall tree. Then it is that the rapid walk, straight out ahead, warms the blood till every vein tingles; the heart is lifted up with delight; and every branch and leaf, every flower and lowly weed, the dewdrops hanging on the hedges, and the gossamer webs floating in the air, put on a face of beauty enchanting to behold. And as the heart swells with gladness, the voice breaks forth, as if to relieve its fulness, in tunes and scraps of songs wafted by memory from childhood and its artless days.

This, too, was Sunday. They say there are more fine Sun-

days in the year than in any fifty-two weekdays. Be that as it may, we surely enjoy these fine rest-days far more than the equally fine days of work and worry. They are our own days—our own to enjoy, as well as our own to profit by; and thus in our delighted eyes the sun shines more brightly, the blue of the Sunday sky seems more intense, and the landscape far more fair, than usual.

On my return from a long walk before breakfast, I examined the outsides of the churches of the various sects of Protestants, and the interiors of the Catholic churches, which, unlike the others, were open even at this very early hour to the steps of both the curious and the faithful. One of these churches, a fine new building in the principal street, has a very striking interior, large enough to hold 3000 people. Still, its tasteful architecture is defaced, as are too many similar edifices, by the multitude of tawdry coarse engravings of scripture scenes, in ugly bar-room frames, hung about the walls.

We were invited to attend worship in the Episcopal church, St. Paul's, where we heard our fine service performed with great solemnity and reverence. The chants were very beautiful, and one of the female voices powerful, and at the same time sweet beyond expression. The Bishop of Michigan officiated, and preached with earnest eloquence, though without attempting high-flown oratory. After service we had the honour of an introduction to the bishop, which enabled me to learn many interesting particulars of the State, and its Episcopal churches. To those accustomed to the "milording" of our own land, the plain "good-morning, bishop"—the greeting of the gentleman who introduced us—sounded somewhat strangely. Yet the bishop has a see as large, in point of territory, as England.

In the afternoon I had the opportunity of witnessing an Irish-American funeral on a grand scale. The deceased was an

Irishman in humble life. All the cars and coaches of the city were out, and no Irish family seemed too poor to drive to the ceremony. The procession of vehicles was half a mile long, and was headed by a car containing the nearer relatives—and the corpse.

Some excitement existed in Detroit this (Monday) morning. Governor Seward was to address the jury, as counsel, on behalf of the prisoners charged with the Michigan Central Railway conspiracy. I took the opportunity of hearing an orator of such reputation.

The trial had been conducted in the Firemen's Hall—a large room overlooking the main street, destitute of the usual paraphernalia and garniture of a court. The hall was well filled, though not crowded, two-thirds of the audience being ladies. The judge, *sans* wig or gown, sat behind a sort of desk. The jury were placed below him. The prisoners sat upon the left of the jury. The audience faced the judge. Governor Seward was speaking when I entered, his face to the ladies, and his back, of necessity, to the judge. Occasionally he turned round to judge, jury, and prisoners, on points of law or evidence; but the ladies, thanks to the excellent "public opinion" of the country, received the lion's share of the orator's address. It was to them he appealed as to the character and position of the fifty-five prisoners—men in respectable stations, professional men, farmers, and traders; the sufferings in mind, body, and estate which they had undergone, from their sudden and unexpected arrest in the dead of night; their long incarceration without the chance of bail; and their recurring tortures, as, brought into court day after day for months past, they had witnessed, amidst the sympathy and the sorrow of family and friends, the slow and painful progress of that trial, which was to end in their lifelong degradation, or in the honourable acquittal to which he contended they were entitled. To the ladies, too, he painted the iniquities of the

system of espionage which the Railway Company had been forced to adopt, in order to unfold and punish that alleged secret conspiracy, of which, with great art, he did not deny the existence, while repudiating all connection with it on the part of his oppressed clients. He spoke of the atrocious character and crimes of many of the agents of this system, and depicted the quiet peaceful home of one of the innocent men now under trial, haunted for months by some lurking emissary who night and day watched for, and recorded, every trifling circumstance and incident occurring;—prowling about the premises by day, and listening at keyholes by night—picking up every small shred of gossip, and raking out every slander, in order to found thereon an edifice of falsehood, which should at last consign his miserable victim to a prison or the grave, and desolate that home which was happy and rejoicing before the accursed foot of the spy had passed its precincts.

Governor Seward is a spare, light-complexioned man, of middle height. The expression of his face would be mild and benevolent, without alloy, did not the watchful glances of his quick grey eyes speak of the lawyer's sharpness, and of the cunning of the clever and educated Yankee. He speaks quietly and slowly, and with a slight drawl. His face is expressionless until he comes to some interesting or important passage, and then his whole manner alters, and face, eyes, and attitudes become earnest and even graceful. But, the short occasion over, he at once sinks back into impassiveness, and almost dulness.

Before leaving this subject, I may here say that the jury found fourteen of the prisoners guilty, and acquitted the rest; that meetings to sympathize with the prisoners in the loss of their homes and fortunes, and the peril of their liberty, took place in several parts of central Michigan; and that sentence was about to be passed by the judge at the time I left the country.

Before leaving Detroit, I was taken over the immense depôt of the Michigan Central Railway Co., by Mr. Brooks, the general manager of the line: and with him went on board the Mayflower, a beautiful new steamer belonging to his Company, which makes the passage between Buffalo and Detroit in sixteen hours. This vessel is above 300 feet long: and can accommodate about 1000 passengers with sleeping-rooms, berths, and meals on board. It cost £30,000. Its state-rooms are larger and more commodious than those of any vessel afloat: and its saloons are fitted up with a degree of taste, luxury, and beauty, which throws even the floating palaces of the Hudson into the shade. The net earnings of this boat for twelve months have been £17,000, and in another year she will have cleared her entire cost to the Company—so great is the western traffic.

At eleven o'clock I sailed in the "Keystone State," a huge well-fitted steamer, belonging to the Erie Railroad Company, for Dunkirk, on the south-east shore of Lake Erie, the terminus of the Erie railway. The wind was still blowing from the north-east, right in our teeth; and, as soon as we rounded the point of the Detroit river, we encountered a heavy sea and a stiff breeze. There were comparatively few passengers on board, the current of travel being westward: and there was room enough in the vessel for unimpeded exercise, and comfortable meals. Therefore the passage, though rough, was pleasant—the only disagreeable being, the sickness and consequent absence of the ladies.

When I last sailed over this lake, the water was clear, blue, and placid as a sheet of glass. Now, its surface is broken into enormous waves, which the wind has so agitated, that the sandy bed of the lake is stirred up, making the whole water muddy and turgid. We are upon an angry sea, and when out of sight of land, as the sun sets, red and angry, amidst a pall of

sombre clouds, we might imagine ourselves upon the ocean in rough winter weather.

XIV.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, *September 17.*

WHEN the morning broke the weather had moderated, and the sun came out in full splendour, lighting up the southern shore of the lake, and making the canvass of the few vessels in sight appear as if on fire. We landed at Dunkirk, the lake terminus of the great public work of America, the Erie railroad, which has but recently been completed.

Dunkirk, then called Chadwick's Bay, was selected some years ago as the most suitable termination for a military road then projected. Subsequently a village was founded, a breakwater constructed, and the harbour resorted to, though rather as a place of safety for small craft in bad weather, than for the direct purposes of commerce. The Erie railroad, the direct route from New York to the West, now discharges and receives its streams of traffic in this previously insignificant little port; and it is predicted that in a few years the village of 1,500 inhabitants will have grown up to the size of Detroit or Buffalo. Nothing is impossible—hardly any thing which is supposable in the way of increase, unlikely—in America; and already the signs of a sudden start meet you on all sides. The village looks too small for its population—buildings are growing up like mushrooms; the crowd of new-comers are insinuating themselves inside small rough-hewn shanties, of shingle board, which could be erected in a forenoon, and pulled down in five minutes, until more permanent residences can be “fixed;” and the older residents are submitting to every sort of inconvenience in the pull-

ing down of their houses over their heads, and generally, in order that business may "go ahead" without impediment.

The Erie railroad is looked upon with great pride; and I see, by the last report of the Directors, that the expenditure of 25,000,000 dollars, or something over £5,000,000 sterling, in the construction and equipment of this 460 miles of good, well-built line, is vaunted as the greatest outlay ever undertaken for any single railway in America, "if not in the world." But, apart from all boasting, the work is well worthy of great admiration. For, unlike most of the American lines, it has been pushed through a country deemed almost impassable; and it has been constructed after many years of effort, without the incentive of any immediate return upon the outlay.

The Company was incorporated in 1832; and the line was finally surveyed in 1834. I met one of the engineers who assisted in this survey. He told me that much of the road was laid out through forest regions and jungles, uninhabited save by wild beasts or rattlesnakes; and that his party lived for months amidst the all but impenetrable shade of immense forest-trees, until their faces lost the hues imparted by fresh air and exposure, and on emerging again into sunshine, after so long a twilight, their eyes were dazzled and heads made to ache, by the light and heat which, for a time, were felt to be intolerable.

The works were commenced in 1836, and then suspended until 1838, when a state loan of three millions of dollars was obtained. The construction of the line then proceeded rapidly. But whether money was too plentiful, or engineering skill too adventurous, a grievous mistake was committed. Ninety miles of road, between Binghamton and Hornellsville, were laid on piles. Or rather, a double line of piles was driven for that distance, it being intended to lay the line upon them. And there they remain sticking in the ground in sight of the passing traveller

to this day. But money became scarce; the works were stopped again; piling was declared a heresy, and a new board, new engineer, and new survey were decided on. Ultimately the railway was laid out with substantial and permanent works, as a single line of the six feet gauge, and opened in sections; the first section having been "operated" in 1811, and the last only a few weeks back. The history of the Company is a history of struggles which would have dismayed most men, but which are now surmounted and over. The traffic on the line is already large, averaging, on an estimate of the last few weeks, some £450,000 per annum, or about £1,000 per mile.

Leaving Dunkirk, the line passes through Chautauque county, the first white child in which was born in 1802, and proceeds by a gradual rise to Dayton, as a summit, on each side of which the waters of the district shed towards Lake Erie and the Mississippi, respectively. In ascending the sides of a narrow valley for several miles on this part of the road, the line twists about amongst the forest; sometimes overlooking deep precipices, so precipitous that the tops of tall trees are seen far down, right under the eye of the spectator, and sometimes half burying itself under overhanging masses of rock and wood, which rise for several hundred feet above the level of the track.

Passing along the "Little Valley Creek" for some miles, the line comes upon the banks of the Alleghany river, and enters the "Indian Reservation." This reserve of land is the property of the "Seneca" nation, who still number about 700 souls, and is thirty miles long and one mile wide, extending on both banks of the river. The country is wild, savage, and broken, except that here and there the hills droop down into fertile and beautiful valleys, in which the Indians have farms exhibiting some success in cultivation.

A railway through one of the wildest of the Indian re-

treats, is of itself enough of contrast between the past and the present. But here the scene itself lends an unearthly force to the comparison. Our train now rattled through wild ravines, filling the close and otherwise silent air with echoes; and now, turning some high curve around the mountain side, commanded a vast sea of forest, untouched by the hands of man. No human congregation was visible, and the occasional glimpse of a single dark form, skulking under the trees, alone relieved the scene from absolute solitude. Our defiant progress seemed a desecration of the retreat where an ancient people had retired to die.

We stopped at Great Valley station, in the midst of the Reserve. A few Indians were standing about; and as the train pulled up, they looked on with grave wonder at the cars, the engine, and the passengers—their eyes moving rapidly in search of every object; but no expression of their features, or movement of their figures, revealing the nature of the emotions which the scene called forth.

Proceeding onwards, we came to Olean, on the Alleghany river. Here the first settlements in this, Cattaraugus, county were made; and the "Holland Purchase Company" bought up a large portion of the district. In 1835 this Company sold out its lands and outstanding contracts to a new company; and the latter determined that all persons in arrear, who wished to retain their lands, should immediately pay up, principal and compound interest; and that in all cases where time was asked for, an advanced price of twenty-five per cent. should be charged in addition. These measures did not accord with "public opinion;" for the payment of arrears is quite as odious and unpopular in America as in England, or even Ireland; and on the 6th February, 1836, an armed and organized multitude attacked the Company's office at Mayville, and burned the whole of the books

in a big bonfire on the highway. An account of this summary proceeding which I have seen, goes on to state, "from this time until 1838 all intercourse between the settlers and the Land Company ceased"—which is very likely. The claims were afterwards amicably settled through other parties, and by concession.

Cuba, or "Oil Creek," so named from a spring of bituminous oil in the neighbourhood, still belonging to the Indians, and in the "Oil Spring reservation"—is a lively little town. Then the line passes by Friendship, Belvidere, Philipsburg, and Scio, following the course of the Genessee river and valley, for some ten miles, to Genessee and Andover; and further on is Hornellsville, where the Company have considerable workshops, and a fine commodious station. From this station to "Painted Post," a secluded little village on the Canisteo, a branch of the Chemung river, the country is a succession of forests; and it is quite a relief—after riding for so long a distance through dark woods of hemlock, sometimes tall and vigorous, but often broken and irregular with age, and like a giant jungle, or seamed and charred with fires—to come to this village. "Painted Post" is an old location. They say some white men lived at it 200 years ago. Its name is derived from the fact, that in the very ancient times a painted pole was erected here over the grave of a celebrated Indian chief; and, to perpetuate the recollection, a gaudily bedaubed post, surmounted by the figure of an Indian, is set up in the centre of the village.

Following the course of the Chemung river, and passing Corning and Big Flats, we arrived several hours late, and at night, at Elmira, a fine town, with buildings on a good scale—magnificent copies in wood of Grecian temples and Indian remains—of the purest white, and with window frames and Venetian blinds of the liveliest grass green. Elmira is situated on the east bank of the Chemung, and is connected with the other

side of that river by an immense timber box bridge of peculiar construction. Seen from this bridge, the overhanging buildings on the water's edge resemble many old reaches upon the banks of the Thames. There are the same fragile balconies and minute galleries; the same hanging gardens of flowers in pots and in long green boxes.

On rising in the morning early, I found the ground and house-tops white with a severe hoar frost, and the face of the country covered with one of those frosty exhalations which, as you walk along, soon tip your hair and whiskers with rime.

Taking the Erie line again, we followed the course of the Chemung, which looked brilliant in the fine sharp morning, for about thirteen miles, and then came upon the Susquehanna. The valleys formed by this beautiful river are at once picturesque and fertile, and contrasted agreeably with the dark forests of the previous day's journey. But around Binghamton, a town founded by a Mr. Bingham, the father-in-law of Lord Ashburton, and placed upon the confluence of the Susquehanna and the Chenango, the scenery is indeed beautiful; and that disagreeable air of newness and disorder which, in a spoiled English eye, alloys the finest country views, here gives place to complete cultivation and finish.

Crossing the Susquehanna some miles beyond Binghamton, we entered Pennsylvania, the line still keeping near the river, and winding with its curves around the whole circuit of great valleys, the rock hewn away for its passage in perpendicular cuts of great depths in many places. And, crossing it again by a covered wooden bridge 800 feet long, we came to Lanesborough, and into the lovely valley, in which are the finest works of the railway. The first of these works is a tressel bridge over the Cancaacta creek, and a portion of the village of Lanesborough. This bridge is 450 feet long. Then a mile or two



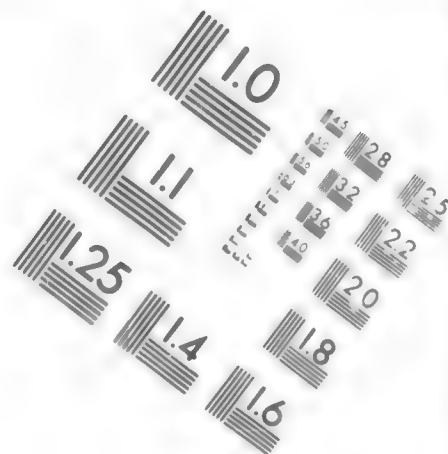
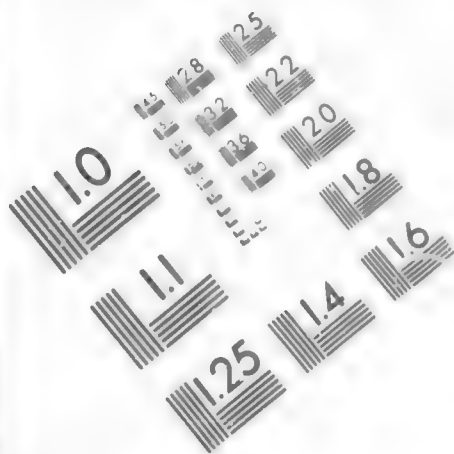
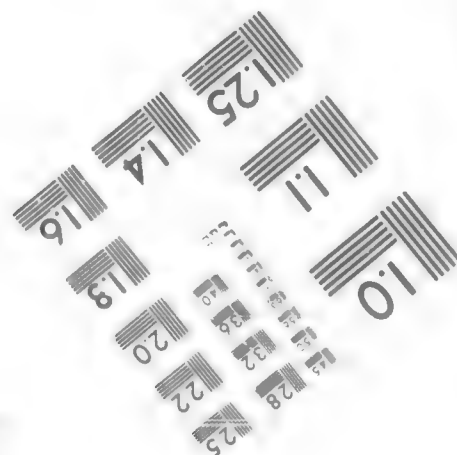
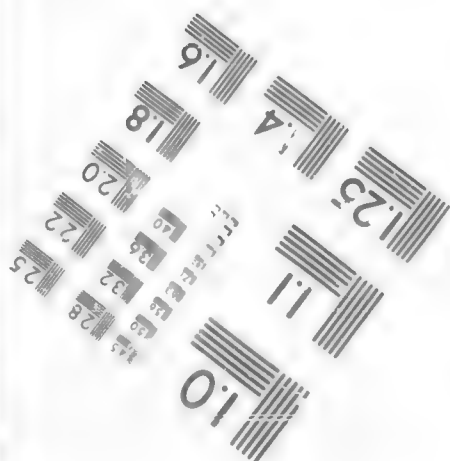
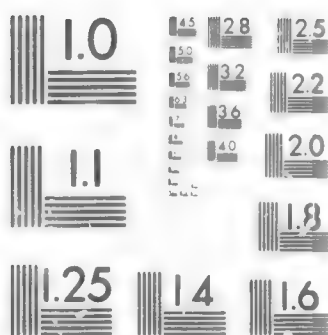


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beyond is the Starucca viaduct, a magnificent work of stone, 110 feet high, 1,200 feet long, and having 18 arches, each 50 feet span, bridging over the Starucca creek, which here joins the river. And taking a last peep at the Susquehanna, at the end of a rising gradient, is "Cascade Bridge," an immense timber bridge with a single arch of 250 feet span, and 50 feet rise, thrown over a deep chasm 184 feet in depth. From this bridge the line ascends into the great rock-cutting at "Summit," a work of much skill and labour, and then descends through groves of hemlock and savage scenery, without a dwelling, into the district of the Delaware. "Summit" is nearly 1,400 feet above the level of the sea; and the line overcomes, in eight miles, a difference of level of 400 feet in its descent to "Deposit."

The Delaware courses through a country of half-thinned forests. The steep sides of its rocky shore are still covered with timber trees; and, when the lumberer fells them, he uses the descent where possible, to roll the great logs down into the water. The river is covered in the season with lumber-rafts, which accumulate and grow in size along the banks with every fall of timber, till the requisite quantity is bound together, and then they are floated down the stream to market.

The wildness of this scenery is often relieved by fine runs of cleared and level country. The railway, often coursing along high ridges overhanging the river and its tributary, "Shohola Creek," has been here made with great difficulty; and as he whirls along, upon a ledge cut out of the hard rock for miles, the river deep below on one side and the mountains high above on the other, the traveller cannot fail to be impressed with the energy and determination by which a railway has been forced through these wilds of nature. But the credit of overcoming these obstacles is not alone due to the Railway Company; for

on the opposite bank of the river, the Delaware and Hudson Canal is seen winding along through similar difficulties.

The line crosses the Delaware by the "Saw Mill Rift" bridge, a timber structure 800 feet long; and, a few miles further, comes to "Delaware," and leaves the river and its stone-covered bed and wild scenery behind. Passing Port Jervis, the line crosses the angle of the beautiful valley of the Neversink, and ascends the eastern side of the Shawangunk ridge, a barrier to the progress of the railway of no ordinary character. An ascending gradient for ten miles surmounts the ridge, and then a descent of two miles brings the line round to Otisville, on the other side of the mountain. The first heavy work on the ascent is a cutting fifty feet deep through hard shale; then two miles further, at the "Shin Hollow Switch," a thirty feet cutting of three-quarters of a mile in length, through soft material, brings the line out again into daylight, as, winding still upwards, it commands extensive views of wood and mountain, relieved by sweet patches of cultivation, nestling amidst the wilder scenery. Further on, and approaching the summit, a retaining wall of solid masonry, 1000 feet in length, and from thirty to fifty feet in height, supports the line high up the mountain side; and from this point is seen a great sea of forest, unrelieved by any human dwelling, or speck of cultivation, filling up the valley and clothing the hills far into the distance. Descending through a rock cutting, 800 yards long and fifty feet in depth, we reached Otisville, and attained a more easy level, and a smiling country. It is Orange county, celebrated for its rich milk, now sent by the railway to New York to market. Goshen, in this county, is famous for the part its inhabitants took in the revolution; and many of its chief citizens fell, in 1779, in the fatal ambush at the mouth of the Lackawaxen, where Brandt, the chief of the Six Nations and his Indians, shot down and cut to pieces nearly 400 American volunteers who had gone out in pursuit of

him. Passing Chester and Oxford, the line enters a long settled district, where good farming, cotton factories, and iron works, speak of the industry of the people. The descendants of the old Dutch settlers inhabit portions of the district, and their father tongue has found names for its valleys and mountains. It is classic ground, too, in the history of the revolution; and near "Sufferns" an old farm-house is exhibited as the headquarters of the "father of his country."

At Ramapo we changed carriages and gauges; and were taken over the Romapo and Paterson Railways to the New York terminus, in Jersey city.

So ended my run over this, the crack railway of America; a work made, after long years of labour and patience, through a country once deemed impassable and for ever barbarous—over mountains, through wild passes, along an ever-varying level, yet without a yard of tunnel—and costing barely £8000 per mile.

XV.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, *September 18.*

I CAME out a little too early in the autumn. May and October are the best months for travelling. The recent weather has been very "trying to the constitution." It was hot here at New York, three weeks ago, when I landed. I travelled northward to escape the heat, and enjoyed tolerably cool weather until leaving Montreal; and then it grew steadily hotter for many succeeding days. It was excessively hot at Niagara, worse at Buffalo and Detroit, unbearable at Chicago, and, if possible, worse than that on the richly cultivated lands in Indiana.

On taking up a Wisconsin paper one day, I found the following:—

“The dog-days seem to have postponed their annual visits for a month or two, and are now making up for lost time. Our thermometer this morning (Sept. 10), at nine o'clock, stood ninety-two in the shade. If any one imagines it to be easy work tumbling over exchanges, and making up items, in such weather, he can come up and try it.”

And an Illinois paper, lying on the same news-room table, had the following:—

“We guess it *is* hot. On that point all parties are agreed. It is suspected that some one behind, or below the scenes, has the matter in hand: and there are particular people who say they smell brimstone. Old Sol, who had apparently retired from business, has started store again, with an entirely new stock of fall goods. Our pavements are quite greasy from the droppings of poor fellows who have melted and ‘gin out’ under these fiery influences. Shadows grow less every day, and we met one fellow who reflected none, except from his hat and boots. Said he had not shadowed for three days past.”

The New York papers, too, at this time contained paragraphs daily on the unusual recurrence and intensity of a more than summer's heat.

During this weather, every one looked not *hot*, that is, red and flustered, but melted; as if the muscular fibre had gone out of him, and he had become a prey to weakness and prostration.

But, after a fortnight of this hot weather, the change came almost instantaneously. On Saturday afternoon, September 13, about four o'clock, as we were travelling on the Michigan Central Railway, near Jackson city, I happened to fall asleep. Although clothed in little more than trousers and shirt, and sitting at an open window, I was bathed in per-

spiration. I slept about a quarter of an hour. When I awoke it was really cold; and I was shivering. The thermometer had fallen in that brief space nearly forty degrees. Six hours afterwards, there blew a keen north wind, and the heaviest clothing and wrapping I could muster, hardly kept me warm while walking briskly. Two days after, at Elmira, the frost was so keen, about seven in the morning, that I was driven into the house by it; and the horses were slipping upon the wood pavement, from the quantity of rime deposited during the night. Yet about noon, even on this day so commencing, the heat was uncomfortable. These are the disagreeables attendant upon the climate, at this season.

The weather at the end of September, and during October, however, makes up for all this. Fine cool breezes. Heat enough for comfort, but not more. Clear skies. A transparent atmosphere light as a zephyr, and a glory of sunrise and sunset, giving that beauty of light which we seldom experience in England, and then only for a day or two at a time. Existence in such weather is joy and gladness. You walk, run, sing, and play mad tricks, simply because you can't help it. This is the ordinary weather day after day from the end of September to the end of October in the Northern States, and during this period our countrymen should travel.

XVI.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, *September 21, 1851.*

I LEFT here last Thursday by the New York and New Haven Railroad, and went to New Haven. The country between New York and that place is rather pretty than beautiful. The

country is indented by creeks and inlets from the arm of the sea which cuts off Long Island from the mainland, and is covered with thriving towns and villages, and with orchards and farm-steads, which look as permanent, and in some cases almost as old, as those of the mother country. After some weeks of drying winds and hot weather, the moist cool breeze from the sea was indeed refreshing, and the blue skies and clear atmosphere exhibited the scenery through which the railroad passes with full distinctness and depth of outline.

New Haven, seventy-six miles from New York, is a fresh-looking and prosperous town. It was near here, at Plymouth Rock, that the "pilgrim fathers," who sailed as exiles and fugitives from England in the small barque the "May Flower"—landed in 1620 after a three months' passage of storm and tempest. They found a small and peaceful bay, the termination of an iron-bound and dangerous coast, and established that early and primitive settlement, which has resulted in the wealth and power of Northern America. The little seed sown by these early fugitives swelled and grew, until it became too big for English bonds and fiscal restriction. And the love of freedom which animated the souls of those who came across in the "May Flower," was seen again in that resistance which began its successes at Bunker Hill, and only ended with the recognition by the mother country of the independent existence of the "United States of America."

I was on my way to Boston, to attend a jubilee in celebration of the completion of a system of railways, commenced and completed by the private and unaided enterprise of the people of Massachusetts, which now connects the city of Boston with Canada and the West, and enables the merchants and manufacturers of that district to trade directly and profitably, not only with our colonies, but also with their own far off terri-

tory on the shores of the Mississippi and the great north western lakes.

Massachusetts has a sterile soil, a somewhat dangerous coast, and no large rivers by which to communicate with the interior. But her industry has overcome all difficulties; and she is now, perhaps, for her population, the richest state in the Union. Her manufactures and commerce have been eminently successful. Her railroads were instituted soon after the commencement of ours; and in a territory, comprising only 5,000,000, acres, and with a population of 1,000,000, she has now 1,142 miles of line, which have cost above £10,000,000 sterling. The gross receipts of these railroads in 1850, amounted to £1,450,000; and the number of passengers carried over them was 8,473,000.

Massachusetts is also the seat of the whale fishery enterprise. In 1849, 204,000 barrels of whale and sperm oil (three-fifths of the whole fishery of the Union) were brought into it; the greater part into the port of Boston.

Boston, which we reached at midnight on Thursday, and found all agog with excitement—flags flying, bands playing, and people shouting every where, even at that sober hour—contains about 140,000 inhabitants. It is a city of good English appearance; and with its fine public buildings, State-house, Court-house, Exchange, Athenæum, Hospitals, of fine grey Quincy granite, it looks as if built to last as long as the Union itself. It has, however, outgrown the limits upon which its founders placed it. Since the days of John Hancock, whose house still stands, and of fine old Benjamin Franklin, over whose remains a plain stone monument, with the simple inscription “Franklin,” is here placed—the whole peninsula, of one square mile, upon which the old city was founded, has been covered with buildings; and a space of three times the original extent,

accessible by bridges across the intervening water, has likewise been absorbed. The foreign commerce of Boston was worth less than 20,000,000 dollars in 1842; while in 1850 it was worth more than 40,000,000. and its tonnage of shipping has increased from 193,000 tons in 1842, to 313,000 tons in 1850.

Fortunately for me, my friend Mr. — had secured shelter at the Tremont before I arrived, or we should indeed have been "houseless wanderers;" for the city was so full of Americans and Canadians, invited to the jubilee, and of the friends of the citizens, who had closed their shops and stopped all business for the nonce, that every bed, sofa, and floor, was almost doubly occupied. We rejoiced therefore to get into tressel beds, in a back drawing-room, and were not astonished when a previous occupant, who had gone out to see the sights, and returned about two in the morning, came to our carefully-locked door to claim his rights—in vain. We were deaf, dumb, and fast asleep; though, after repeated solicitations, we did let him have his night-shirt and collars, on the clear promise that, on receipt of the same, he should cease to disturb our slumbers.

Friday was to be the great day of the Jubilee; and on a splendid morning the sound of the martial drum awoke us in time to see the militia and regulars, the societies, corporations, and trades, our Canadian government and Canadian fellow-subjects, and a vast concourse besides, muster and form a procession of some three or four miles in length, which paraded the town amidst deafening shouts and everlasting music, until the hour appointed for a grand dinner of 4000, to take place under a tent on the "common" (the public park of Boston)—had arrived. In the procession were the emblems and insignia of the various bodies, and a goodly array of workpeople of both sexes, pursuing in travelling workshops the various occupations repre-

sented. We had printing-offices by the score, plough-making, machine-making, hat-making, shoe-making, and an exhibition of the product of almost every conceivable industry, including the manufacture of pianos, which here are made in great perfection.

One car contained a score of pretty little girls, dressed in white, their heads wreathed with flowers—intent upon their lessons and their books—while above them was inscribed, “Free Schools, the foundation and safeguard of the Republic.”

We obtained tickets for the grand dinner; and, having joined the procession at the State-house, walked down, with some 4000 others, to the tent on the common, and took our seats in due form. The Mayor of Boston was in the chair; and there were present the President of the Republic and his ministers, Lord Elgin, Governor-general of Canada, and a host of other notabilities. We had speeches from the Mayor, the President, Lord Elgin, Governor Boutwell, Ex-Governor Everett, Mr. Winthrop, and many others. The President (Millard Fillmore) is a large, massive-headed man of some sixty-two, tall, bulky, and of upright carriage—“a plain, blunt man, who loves his country.” He spoke without hesitation, in good plain terms, though without any attempt at oratory, and in a manner which deserved and received great applause. Lord Elgin acquitted himself with much ability; and we had really able and eloquent speeches from Everett, Winthrop, Boutwell, and others. One soon forgot the American accent, and the regular and somewhat mechanical action, in the fine language and beautiful sentiments and ideas which slowly unwound from the lips of these speakers. They spoke of their own country with honest pride; of their fellow-citizens with an enthusiasm which, whether scenting the elections or not, they had a full right to exhibit; and of England with an earnest sincerity of tone, and grateful, filial expression, which

must have gratified every one from the old country, as it did me, most fully. God save the Queen! and nine times nine good hearty cheers, showed that 3000 miles of water, and a hostile separation, cannot drown that fine feeling of kindred which does, and ought to, animate the whole Anglo-Saxon race. It was a genuine English demonstration, occurring upon New England soil; and those miscreants of the platform and the press at home, who live in sycophantic slavery by abusing all things American—while Austrian, Russian, or Italian despotism have always their good word and meed of praise—might have blushed, had they been there, at the contrast which the generous mention of their country, and the honours done to their countrymen, in this pilgrim city—presented.

The dinner over, the whole city became one blaze of illumination, and one scene of open house and hospitality. We were taken charge of by a true Bostonian, and visited the busiest scenes of amusement and jovialty. We heard serenades and cheers under the windows of English ladies and Englishmen—God save the Queen played by American military bands, in honour of British military officers—quadrille and polka music in houses whose owners had opened their doors to receive all comers from Canada or England; and a perpetual hum of cheers and joyous exclamation arose from the never-ending crowds who thronged the city streets in gladness and great good-humour all the night through. We went to the chief hotels, and were introduced to many pleasant people, both American and English. We had also a full allowance of hock, champagne, lobster salads, cigars, and “drinks”—the latter occurring with startling frequency. All this, too, was varied by rides through the streets, when our kind host considered walking not good for us; and by an abundance of enthusiastic singing, in which, catching the inspiration, every one of us, and every one else, joined most vigorously. At last,

at some early hour on Saturday morning, we escorted our principal entertainer home—sang a last “God save the Queen” under his windows, and retreated to our beds.

Next day all was changed. The shops were open, and business going on with spirit. Soldiers of the day before were now in good sombre Christian clothing, hard at the battle of life, and in pursuit of dollars; and even our familiar and most jovial friends, whose swaggering gait and brimful look of the night before, would have done honour to the Haymarket Piazza on coronation day, had “turned over the leaf,” and addressed us in steady measured tones from behind their desks and counters, with a change of manner which betokened that “this was a business day, and work was needful after so much play.” Well, sober Boston has had her fling, and done herself great honour and credit; and I shall always esteem myself fortunate in having been a partaker of her hospitality, and a witness of the spirit with which hard-headed business people there, as at home, can abandon themselves for the hour, when the object of celebration is connected with great industrial triumphs.

Visits to Bunker Hill; to the navy yard and docks; to the old State-house, standing as in days of yore, barring its altered paint, though used for other purposes now; and to various public places, occupied my morning. I ascended, too, the dome of the State house. The building is on an elevation overlooking the common, and the southern part of the city.

But beyond Boston there was still a place of deep interest to me—Lowell. This, “the Manchester of America” of a few years ago, and then as now, though an increasing and important place, but a minute likeness of our Cotton Metropolis, is now only one of several manufacturing towns where cotton spinning and weaving, and manufactures of various raw materials, are carried on with success and on a large scale. Amongst these

towns are Lawrence and Manchester, which in some respects exceed Lowell itself.

I travelled to Lowell along one of the oldest and most costly railroads in America, which now has become part of one of the main arteries of communication, and has a very large traffic. It was originally laid on transverse sleepers of granite, eight feet long and about a foot square, and most of these are down yet, though they break in the middle, I find, continually.

The twenty-five miles of country between Boston and Lowell is poor land—sandy soil in many places, with the rocks peeping through it. Lowell is upon the Merrimack river, and the older cotton-mills are upon the banks of the stream. I found it a nice, pleasantly situated town, with all the outward signs of comfort and opulence. Streets wide, and houses commodious, though many of wood. The boarding-houses, in which the unmarried work-people lodge, are airy, large, and scrupulously clean. The mills are well, and indeed tastefully built, and possess more air room and space for moving about, than I usually see in Lancashire. I found an exhibition, called the "Middlesex Mechanics' Fair," just opened, and I there saw a collection of the articles of manufacture, in machinery, and cotton, woollen and silk goods, carpets, agricultural implements, paper, books, leather, &c., produced at Lowell and in the district. I was particularly struck with the woollen cloths, both as to colour, pattern, and texture, and with some of the machines. A speeder, for fine numbers of cotton yarn, and a machine for twisting the fringe of shawls, were amongst some very beautifully executed pieces of machinery. Some pictures and drawings, by operatives of Lowell, were in very good taste; and the hand-embroidering was admirable.

Amongst the mills I found excellent machinery for cotton, mixed with some of very old design, in some of the best establish-

ments; but I perceived a good many new machines just put up, and some not gated.

The most interesting establishment is the Massachusetts Manufacturing Company's Works. Here they have new mills, and machinery. They employ 1000 hands, and manufacture coarse cotton cloths, checks, stripes, and domestics, and carpets and rugs—all by steam power. The working hours in these mills are from 5 A.M. to 7 P.M. in summer, and from 6 to 7 in winter—half an hour for breakfast, and half an hour for dinner, being allowed. The wages earned are from 2s. to 6s. English per day. The carpet-weavers, who are all "young ladies," earn about 90 cents per day, or 3s. 8d. English. The boarding-house people charge the young women a dollar and a quarter per week, and the young men a dollar and three quarters, for board. This firm have 127 carpet looms, and weave about 3000 yards, of the width of thirty-six inches, per day. The carpets sell at from half a dollar to one dollar seventeen cents per yard. The demand is good. They also make large quantities of rugs. The machinery for cleaning, sorting, carding, and spinning wool, and the carpet-loom, carpet-shearers, cutters, and folders, are all new, and some of the machines are made at the works. The machine which sorts the wool into "long" and "short," picking out and dropping the too short fibres, seems to me highly ingenious. I was told that it was made and invented at Lowell, though possibly similar machines are worked in England. The dyes and colours are extremely good.

Every thing bespeaks either ample prosperity, or an open capital account. The ventilation of the rooms is good, and the size of the mills noble. The carpet-weaving room is about 300 feet square, and fourteen feet high, and between the rows of looms is a space eleven feet wide.

The Lowell "ladies" attracted a good deal of my observation. I

had the idea that they were good, intelligent, and hard-working young women, but a trifle spoiled by adulation of the "Lowell Offering," and undue praise of their intellectual progress—as if there was any thing wonderful in the fact, that the daughters of well-to-do parents, in a country of free schools and free discussion, should be educated and apt, though labouring with their hands for their daily bread.

As regards personal appearance, I must say that the carpet looms of this mill are attended by a posse of as good-looking damsels as I ever saw together, (straight, tall, clear complexions, and high foreheads)—and all the hands had certainly a better look, both in person and in dress, than ours usually are. The boarding-house system, and the strict surveillance, aids all this. The native hands are good to begin with. They are looked after like the members of a family, and they are well paid; hence the appearance they make. But there are amongst them English and Irish "young ladies;" and the contrast is often great. Light green and blue veils are in fashion in this weather. The American ladies wear them, and look well in them,—but to see some weatherbeaten countrywomen of mine of forty, squab, brown, and wrinkled, imitating the fashionable costume, was rather too much. As Lowell is now one of many such towns in America, the hands will cease to be petted by the public, and perhaps will be none the worse for the change.

There are many foreigners in Lowell. One universal genius, I fancy a cockney, in a street near the dépôt, sets forth on his sign, that he is "Carpenter, Bellhanger, Sawfiler, Repairer of Clocks, Accordions, Spirit-levels, Razors, Scissors, Locks, Keys, and *et cetera*, at No. 1 Maiden-lane."

XIII.

BALTIMORE, *September 22, 1851.*

THE early steamer took me down the bay of New York, through the channel between Staten Island and the shore of New Jersey, to South Amboy.

The villas on Staten Island; the watering-place of New Brighton; the occasional reaches of low marshy ground, covered with bright-coloured grasses, which the tide or surge now and then invades,—reminded me strongly of the sail down the Thames from Blackwall to Gravesend.

At South Amboy I left the steamboat for the railway, which passes at first through a region of sand-hills, and then crosses the flat peach-covered lands of New Jersey—a country naturally barren, but cultivated until its arid surface has become fertile. Barnes' Common is a good resemblance of this district; and its villages and quaint-looking little towns, of half wooden half brick houses, adorned with festoons of vines and hops, are just like those passed through in the ride across country from Richmond to Greenwich. The railway passes down the centre of the main street of one of these New Jersey towns, called Burlington, a unique little place, shaded by avenues of weeping willows. The railway ends at Camden, on the Delaware, opposite to Philadelphia.

Philadelphia has a population of 400,000, is placed between the Delaware and the Schuylkill rivers, and is about 100 miles from the ocean. It is the second city in the Union in point of population and commercial importance; while it admittedly has been ever foremost in intellectual progress. As the city founded by William Penn for the capital of a territory acquired in justice; as the scene of Franklin's labours, the mo-

numents of which still remain in the Philadelphia library, now of 35,000 volumes, founded by his exertions in 1731, and in the "American Philosophical Society," which he originated in 1743; and as the place in which the Declaration of Independence was adopted and signed on the 4th of July, 1776—Philadelphia must possess deep interest to the traveller in America.

The "Quaker City" is well laid out, and its tall, bright red brick buildings, with white marble door-steps, basements, and window sills, its busy streets and great signboards, give it the appearance of cheerfulness and youth. Its public buildings, for which white marble is ordinarily used, are fine, and its numerous institutions are worthy of its well-won reputation.

The old "State-house," in Chestnut street, was to me the first object of search. This building is used as a court-house and public office, save that one small room within it is held too sacred for the service. The State-house consists of a plain brick front, surmounted by a cornice and a wooden tin-covered clock tower, and of two wings, the latter of modern construction. Within the unpretending portals of this decent, homely building are two doors, one on each side of the not over wide passage. The one on the right leads to the Court of Common Pleas; the one on the left to a room of lesser size—a plain substantial chamber, painted of a sober tint, but with a ceiling of azure and gilt stars, which might hold forty persons, and would then be crowded. In this room the Declaration of Independence was signed seventy-five years ago. Within a light railing is a statue of Washington carved in wood; and hung on the walls are modern full-length portraits of William Penn and of Lafayette. In the room, too, stands the veritable heavy stiff-backed chair, lined with good red leather, in which John Hancock sat when signing the declaration; and a piece of the old wooden step, worm-eaten and right well worn,

on which stood the Secretary of Congress while reading the declaration to the people congregated outside—is shown as a further relic.

I mounted to the clock tower, and was rewarded by a fine view over the city and its environs: and on descending visited the Court of Common Pleas, in which a cause relating to a German benefit society was proceeding. Here the judge, dressed in a sort of shooting-coat of drab, was walking up and down his little shut-off den, anon gazing out of the window at the passing vehicles; while the solicitors or counsel questioned the witnesses at their easiest leisure. One of the counsel, his back to the witness, was leaning back in his chair, and had his feet upon the table and his thumbs stuck in his waistcoat. The judge, however, indifferent as he might appear, was listening to the examination with attention, and every now and then stopped abruptly in his walk to ask some useful question and register the reply. But why should the dignity of a Court of Common Pleas be kept up at the expense of personal comfort?

The "State-house," hallowed by the great event of 1774, and visited by curious crowds from all parts of the world, has nevertheless, if I heard correctly, been in danger of destruction to make room for some finer and more extensive edifice. But patriotism saved it, and there it will now remain. Yet it would seem that, like all public edifices, however sacred, it needs protection against small invaders; for a board nailed against the front walls, exhorts all men to "PASTE NO BILLS ON THESE PREMISES."

The "Girard College" stands upon a slight eminence outside the city of Philadelphia. The main building is of white marble, and of pure Grecian architecture—one of the most beautiful exteriors which modern architecture has produced.

Mr. Girard was originally a poor French sailor, who came to

America, settled in Philadelphia, became a banker, and died, after a long, useful, and honoured life, leaving an immense fortune behind him. He bequeathed a considerable portion of this fortune—2,000,000 of dollars—for the foundation of a college, in which “not less than three hundred” orphan boys of the city of Philadelphia, or, failing the city, of the state of Pennsylvania, or, failing the state, of other districts of the Union—should be fed, clothed, and educated, so as to fit them for the best situations of life. The only stipulation as regards the education to be given, attached to the gift, was, that all sectarianism should be excluded; and so careful was Mr. Girard in guarding against the intrusion of proselytism, that he inserted the following singular clause in his will:—

“I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, as a visiter, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said college.”

About one half of Mr. Girard's bequest has been expended on the buildings; and further erections are in contemplation. Whether this is the most practical mode of dealing with the bequest or not, I do not presume to say; but at all events a splendid public building has been constructed, which will serve for all time as a Girard monument. The managers of the fund seem to feel this; and they propose to place a statue of Mr. Girard within the entrance hall, and to deposit his remains in a sarcophagus beneath it. The statue, which represents Mr. Girard in his ordinary dress—loose coat, large shoes, and all—and in his customary attitude, is already in the hall, finished and ready for placing.

The school now contains only 299 scholars, one having recently died, and the vacancy not having been yet filled up. The teachers

of primary education are all females, and the higher branches of learning are taught by professors. I was admitted into the schools. They begin with the smaller boys at the very bottom of the ladder of learning, and go on through five stages or periods, to the highest branches of ordinary school education. Each of these divisions occupies a separate room and a separate teacher; and the little boy gradually works his way through the whole, and then may go to the professors and learn every thing comprised in a complete university course. Boys may remain in the institution for the purpose of this complete education for ten years or more: and thus the orphan child of the poorest man in the city, may come forth with the culture and acquirements of a prince.

The college has been open three years only, and therefore all the educational machinery of the institution has not yet been called into requisition. But, as far as I could judge, the system pursued is a perfect one; and the strict discipline into which 300 boys are brought while under the eyes of a few delicate-looking young ladies, with no whips, or great fools'-ca', to be frightened at, is admirable. I noticed a few young gentlemen "in trouble," in corners, with faces full to the wall, but observed no punishment more severe.

Twelve o'clock coming, all the good boys, at a signal from the teacher, put away their books; if I recollect rightly, at two separate evolutions—one, the collecting of the books and the lifting up of the desk; the other, the deposit of the books inside the desk and the closing of the lid. On other signals, mere signs, not a word being spoken, each form of boys passed into the passages, and retired to the playground, in line. I watched the exit, and followed the boys to the playground, which resounded with noise and gayety, testifying at once to the health and spirits of the children. I then followed to the

dinner-room, and saw the boys march in two and two, and take their seats, quietly and without confusion. Then the master, slightly touching a small bell, to call complete silence, said a grace. Then one boy out of every row of ten, filed out, and, two plates in hand, approached the end of the table on which the dinner, of good beef or mutton, was placed in large dishes, the meat cut into substantial pieces of equal size. Here the plates were filled and then carried back by the boys, until every one at table was served. Then, at another slight touch of the bell, the eating began, and right heartily did the youngsters attack and demolish the viands.

I visited the chapel, where service—singing, prayer, and a non-controversial sermon—is performed twice each Sabbath, by the head of the college.

Each boy has a separate bed, but a separate room in case of sickness only. The boys are dressed in plain clothes, having generally brown jackets and light trousers; but no complete uniformity seems to be aimed at—there are no badges, no “charitable grinder” tokens, for all mankind to stare and point at until the education given is stamped with the degradation of pauperism. All seem in robust health, and I never saw three hundred better-looking or more intelligent boyish faces.

I left the institution with an unmixed feeling of admiration and pleasure; for what may not result both in benefit to the state and blessing to the individuals from such an institution, in such a country of elbow-room, progress, and expansion? The blessing is double; for these boys might, perhaps would, otherwise have been on the streets, degraded and vicious; now they are out of the reach of evil, and may rise in the social scale as high as their abilities and merits may deserve.

The Fairmount waterworks, just outside the city, and upon the Schuylkill river, are well worth seeing. I ascended to the great

reservoir, the sides of which are partially planted with trees, and are laid out as public walks—and strolled through the lower grounds, opposite to the suspension bridge over the Schuylkill. At this point is the great dam by which the whole breadth and depth of the river is made to accumulate before its descent over the weir. That descent turns a series of large under shot water-wheels, ninety feet each long, which pump up the water into the reservoir at the rate of 8000 gallons per minute. The city is supplied through 100 miles of pipe.

Amongst the trees is a monument to Graff, the engineer who designed and executed the works, which, before the completion of the Croton works, which supply New York, were the finest in America.

Philadelphia has a large coal-trade. The Philadelphia and Reading railroad, which runs from Philadelphia to Pottsville, in the heart of the coal region, has worked a total change in the supply of this fuel. In 1820, 365 tons of anthracite coal from Lehigh, were brought to Philadelphia to market. In 1830, the quantity had increased to 174,734 tons; in 1840, to 865,414 tons; while in 1850, the total weight sent to market was 3,332,614 tons. Of this large quantity, the Reading railroad, ninety-five miles long, conveys 1,400,000 tons. The retail prices of the staple kinds sold at Philadelphia are, per ton:—

Lehigh,.....	3	dollars 62 cents., or	15s. 1d.
Schuylkill white ash.....	3	„ 25 „	13s. 6½d.
Do. red ash.....	3	„ 50 „	14s. 7d.

The great coal-fields of America are in Pennsylvania, Michigan, Kentucky, and Illinois; and Lyell estimates that the Pennsylvania coal field, 700 miles long, and 180 miles wide, covers a superficial area of 63,000 square miles; while the Illinois coal field “is not much inferior to the whole of England, and consists of horizontal strata, with numerous rich seams of bituminous coal.”

The coal which exists in the greatest abundance is the anthracite. According to geological theories, the hard fine texture of this coal has resulted from the effect of extreme age; and, having been slowly transformed by the processes of nature from vegetable matter into soft bituminous coal, the gradual escape of its inflammable gases has—in a period which no one can reckon, but which we may safely assume to have been thousands of years—converted the soft, dull substance, into a hard, bright mass, which is ignited with difficulty, but retains its clear red heat long after the time in which bituminous coal would have burnt out in white ashes. Thus, even in the silent storehouses of nature, are great chemical changes occurring; proving to us the animation of “inanimate” matter; testifying to us that all the world is life and motion; and that, be they slow and imperceptible to us, as in this case, or rapid and everyday before us, as in the waste and decay of animal existence,—all creation passes on, by fixed and immutable changes, in the course of progress and alteration assigned to it by the Creator.

XVIII.

WASHINGTON, *September 23, 1851.*

THE routes from Philadelphia to Baltimore are either by railway for the whole distance; or by steamer down the Delaware to New Castle; thence by railway across a narrow neck of land to French Town, and thence by steamer down the Elk River and Chesapeake Bay into the Patapsco river, upon which Baltimore is situated.

The Delaware is a noble river; its banks well cultivated, and abounding in well-built villas and farmhouses. Crossing the small

state of Delaware from the Delaware River to Elk River, we passed through a gently undulating country, with large fields and thorn hedges, much resembling Northamptonshire. Hedges in America are a novelty—a symptom of “having nothing better to do than grow them.” The scenery at French Town is very beautiful; and the sail down Elk River, and through the noble reaches of Chesapeake Bay, was delightful. It was dark before we came in view of the lights of Baltimore, the capital of the slave state of Maryland.

Baltimore is called the “monumental city,” from the numerous monuments which adorn it. There is the “Washington monument,” placed on an eminence 100 feet above tide water,—a doric column, rising from a base fifty feet square, 180 feet high, surmounted by a colossal statue of the first President; the “Battle monument,” erected to the memory of those who fell in defending the city in 1814; the “Armistead monument,” and several others.

Baltimore, like all the great American cities on the seaboard, is extremely well placed for commerce. It has both an uninterrupted access to the ocean, and command of inland navigation. It is a very fine town, and its public buildings are excellent. It has a population of 125,000.

Maryland was granted to Lord Baltimore, and settled by him in 1634. His descendants, the Calverts, are still in possession of large tracts of land in “Calvert County,” and many of the streets, squares, and buildings of the city of Baltimore are named after them.

Lotteries, prohibited in most of the states, are allowed in Maryland; and Baltimore is just now the focus of many of them. The following tempting announcement was put into my hands at the door of the hotel—

"NEGROES WANTED.—I will pay the highest prices, in cash, for any number of Negroes with good titles, slaves for life, or for a term of years, in large or small families, or single Negroes. I will also purchase Negroes restricted to remain in the State, that sustain good characters. Families never separated. Persons having Slaves for sale, will please call and see me, as I am always in the market with the cash. Communications promptly attended to, and liberal commissions paid, by John D. Denning, No. 18, South Frederick-street, between Market and Second-streets, with trees in front of the house."

Maryland has 89,000 slaves, and the number is decreasing. Virginia, its neighbour state, has 448,000—the total number in the Union being 2,487,000.

I have found throughout my tour, what all English travellers must find—that slavery is a question which it is better not to go out of one's way to discuss. For, although I have had many friendly conversations with its most ardent supporters and most violent opponents, I soon discovered, on the one hand, that the question is practically compromised by the great political parties in the free states, from time to time, in order to conciliate Southern votes; and, on the other, that the slave-owners consider the word "abolition" as synonymous with confiscation and servile war. The latter meet you at the outset of the argument by stating, that their whole property consists of land and slaves. That their lands of course derive their value from cultivation; and that, apart from the mere question of cost, that cultivation is impossible in the hands of the white man. They tell you, that while the negro endures the labour of the rice field mid-leg deep in water, and with a scorching sun above his head, without danger, and can withstand the miasma hanging in the night air on the plantations; the white man is attacked with hopeless fever if he expose himself to these influences. They declare that the unconditional abolition of slavery, in

a country abounding in unappropriated lands, where men may squat without being disturbed; means simply the confiscation of three hundred millions sterling, the value of the slaves, in the first place, and the abandonment and destruction of the entire planting interest, in the second. To urge the morality of the question with these men, would be as successful as a similar appeal to our opium traders; to the maker of fire-arms certain to burst; or, to use an American free-state illustration—to the successful manufacturer of wooden nutmegs.

After hearing these statements, doubtless exaggerated, but which were made with earnestness, and are at least partially true, I was not surprised to learn, that since the forcible seizure of a slave at Boston, some months ago, by the abolitionists of that city, many of the Southern merchants have transferred their purchases of manufactured goods to New York, to an extent which, were it not stated on authority, would be beyond belief. Indeed I learn, that so strong is this anti-abolition feeling, that where any option exists, the avowed abolitionists are systematically avoided in business dealings. A first class firm in New York, having a magnificent shop in Broadway, see their old Southern customers pass by to a rival establishment in the same street, the only reason being that they are known to be earnest abolitionists, while their rival has never publicly expressed his opinion on the question.

This feeling, showing itself in an endless variety of shapes, is just now most fierce, owing to an outrage which has occurred in Pennsylvania; in which a Mr. Gorsuch has been shot down, and his son seriously wounded, in an attempt to seize a fugitive slave (under the provisions of the "fugitive slave law"), which was resisted by a rising of the free black population, and of some white abettors.

The "fugitive slave law" is, indeed, simply a declaratory act.

For it is unfortunately the fact, that the Southern States gave in their adhesion to the Federal Republic solely on condition that, while the slave trade should cease, the institution of slavery should be respected, and they should have the right to follow and seize fugitive slaves in any part of the Union. The "fugitive slave law" was the work of the "Union" party—a party composed of men of all shades of opinion, who wish, by conciliation, to prevent the threatened withdrawal of South Carolina and other slave states from the Union.

Greatly as all just and dispassionate men must abhor slavery, every one must admit the difficulties with which its immediate abolition is here surrounded. The negro does not possess the cordial sympathy of the white man. For while a small, and, politically speaking, uninfluential party are prepared to make every sacrifice and run all risks in order to blot out slavery on the instant; the influential and acting leaders of the majority, whatever their occasional language of denunciation, and affectation of horror, are not disposed to brave the rebellion of the South, and the possible disruption of the Republic, for the sake of shortening the thralldom of the negro some fifty years. They profess to rely upon the natural progress of events, which, by quiet change, has already banished slavery from the majority of the states originally parties to the Union; and has, within the last few years, forbidden the future existence of slave states north of latitude 36° 30'—for the gradual extinction of the system; and in the mean time they are prepared to alleviate the lot of the slave; to refuse any extension of slavery; and, as far as concession can obtain it, to narrow the area which it now occupies.

Perhaps, should these cold political views still hold possession of the moving spirits of the country, the next practical step in advance may be to secure to the slave a personal right

to some small portion of the day, and to the produce of his labour in that portion;—to say, in fact, that after a stipulated number of hours' labour for his master, the remainder of his time shall be his own. The effect of this would be to enable him legally to accumulate property. And if, in addition, a minimum price be fixed at which his master should be bound to allow him to redeem himself, and savings' banks were opened to receive the produce of his free earnings—some glimmering of daylight would dawn upon his lot, and his condition, as a "chattel" to be bought and sold, would not be hopeless.

XIX.

PHILADELPHIA, *September, 24, 1851.*

LEAVING Baltimore by the railway, and passing through a barren, though picturesque country, I arrived at Washington, the seat of government, and capital of the country.

This city is well entitled the "city of magnificent distances;" for it has been laid out, on the most extensive scale, with streets of miles in length, and magnificent in width. But, alas! as there is little to be "got out of it," except in Congress time, and then by hungry politicians only, for there are no manufactures and no large back country to feed it—the city may boast of its future rather than of its present. Seen from the Capitol, it presents long lines of broad streets, diverging from the Capitol like rays, with smaller streets crossing and encircling them again almost to the limit of vision. But though around the Capitol, and along the Pennsylvania and other main avenues, both sides of the streets present fine blocks of building, houses, shops, hotels—as the eye wanders farther, it sees a gradually decreasing quantity of

stone and brick; first, a street with one side only, then blank spaces of increasing width, till at last the actual city shades off in white dots of houses, standing in proud individuality, as if waiting for coming companions; while beyond the utmost limit marked by any residence, the streets provided for posterity stretch out into the distance. The whole looks very much like a spider's web half filled with flies.

The situation of the city, chosen by Washington himself, at the junction of the Potomac and of its eastern bend the Anacosta, is really worthy the metropolis of a great empire. The finely wooded hills of Virginia, seen across the river; the forest clad ranges indented with valleys, which appear on the Maryland side; and the beautiful heights above Georgetown, encircle the smooth plain upon which the city is placed, and which is relieved from dullness, and lighted up with life by the passage through it of a noble river, fringed by belts of trees, and lively traces of high cultivation. The Capitol is placed upon the summit of a swelling height, in the midst of the plain; and as I stood upon its summit, and looked down upon its roofs, and around upon the scene below, I could well understand the feeling of pride with which Americans regard this political centre. For it was here, after years of blood and sacrifice, that a metropolis was planned and planted by the advice of Washington himself. It was here, in that plain, small mansion, amongst the trees below—or rather in the exactly similar house on that same spot, which the magnanimous English burnt in 1814, at the time they also destroyed by fire the choice old records of the republic—that Washington often resided. It was here that many of those early measures which consolidated the empire were discussed and matured; and the walls of this stone edifice, of ample and handsome proportions and design, but second to many public buildings in small and worn-out European states—have rung

with the great speeches of Webster, of Calhoun, of Clay, and of other American orators. Sixty years ago, this city was the metropolis of a small and struggling republic. Now it represents a nation second only to one, and destined apparently to outstrip all other states in population, wealth, and power.

In front of the Capitol is a plain white marble monument, simply a base and pillar, surmounted by a small figure of victory, to the memory of Somers, Caldwell, Decatur, Wadsworth, Dorsey, and Israel, killed at Tripoli in 1804, in the first and justest foreign war undertaken by the States. In the rotunda, in the middle of the building—a fine interior, covered by a dome—are pictures painted by Trumbull, of various scenes in the revolutionary history,—the Declaration of independence, the surrender of Cornwallis, the surrender of Burgoyne, and the resignation of his commission, by Washington, into the hands of Congress. There are also pictures of the embarkation of the Pilgrims, and the baptism of Pocahontas, by other artists.

The Senate-house is on the west side of the rotunda, the House of Representatives on the east. The former is a small semicircular room, with a gallery, supported by columns of native marble. The latter is much larger, and more handsome,—more marble, much more glaring carpets, and far more gilding and paint. For there are but sixty senators, while there are two hundred and sixty members of the lower house; and the latter, possessing functions of much less moment than the former, make far more stir in the world, and are apparently more regarded in all household arrangements.

The "Library of Congress" contains marble busts of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Jackson, and Taylor, and has around its walls portraits of some of the earlier names in American history. The library consists mainly of miscellaneous English books; and, if one may judge from the shelves, the best editions

of new books from London and from Paris are added from time to time. I took up one small old book entitled, "Washington," or, "The Nation Delivered," and found written in its first page, "To Thomas Jefferson by the author," and underneath, "T. Jefferson." It was an English production, by some author whose name I never before heard, and have now forgotten. On the tables I found Audubon's "Birds of America," many of our standard picture-books, and Catlin's Indian plates—all well-thumbed and dirty.

The Patent office, is a large and handsome building, of white marble, near the end of Pennsylvania avenue. Here are, in the first place, the models connected with all American patents; the collections obtained during various American voyages of discovery; and the contributions which have been made by various persons towards the erection of a truly national museum.

The models are crowded together on shelves, and in glass cases, in most admired disorder. Cotton spinning improvements beside specimens of smelted copper; ploughs and lace-making machines in the same box. To describe them would be impossible, except so far as to say, that from the modest implement with which the western squatter turns up the first virgin clod, to the celestial machine for flying in the heavens—all invented things appear to be here congregated, not from America alone, but from England and other countries, testifying at once to the inventive genius and to the vanity of the world. I found one model of a machine (for flying, if I recollect rightly), invented in England, and patented in America, no doubt from a wholesome fear on the part of the patentee, that some knowing Yankee would otherwise be flying through the North-West Passage, without paying patent right or royalty.

The Museum, for so it ought to be called, is a collection of curiosities from all parts of the world, acquired by the navi-

gators who have been sent out on exploring expeditions, and by the American consuls in distant places. There are samples of manufactures and specimens of coins from Japan; clothing and implements, side by side with "oracles" (of many-coloured beads stuck all over round balls) and gods from the Feejee Islands. Skulls of Indians and mummies from Mexico; birds, beasts, fishes, and reptiles; portraits of Indian chiefs, and of great men of America. It is a bizarre but interesting collection, badly arranged and destitute of a catalogue.

In a dark corner at the extremity of the room, is the original printing-press, now about 125 years old, at which Benjamin Franklin, drinking water and saving money to buy books with, toiled for many a long day, with sleeves tucked up, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in London. There it is, worm-eaten and old-fashioned it is true, but eloquent of the history, plain, practical, and worthy, of one of the best and most useful of men.

Near this are portions of a "library of forest trees." These are illustrations of trees, in the shape of books—the back being formed of the bark, and the boards of the planed wood of the tree so chronicled, while inside the volume are specimens of its leaves, fruit, seeds, and sap-vessels. The patent office is being greatly enlarged, and, with the materials already collected, Washington will soon boast of a fine national museum.

The Post-office department, a building of white marble; and the "Pension office," a large collection of bureaus, with an extremely fine row of Corinthian columns in front, are worth a visit.

The President's house, behind the Pension office, is a fine building of freestone, painted, as is the Capitol, pure white. It is 170 feet long and 86 feet wide, with a portico supported by Ionic columns. There is a short semicircular drive up to it from the road, and the house fronts to the Potomac, commanding an excellent view of the course of that river. We walked

up, found the door open, and were received by one of the servants of the President, an Irishman from the north, with a plain, good-humoured face, and a keen grey eye, which twinkled and twisted at every sententious remark from the sovereign people around him. In lieu of livery, tights, buckles, gold lace, and shoulder knots—this man wore a pair of good strong shoes, drab trousers, and a decent brown coat. He was very civil to us, and showed us the three Drawing-rooms, “green, blue, and red;” and the grand reception room, an extremely handsome apartment, 80 feet by 40, the floor covered with a beautiful English carpet, and having hangings of splendid silk damask. These rooms possess very good mirrors, but have no pictures, save that the “red” room, as if in satire upon the rest, has upon its walls two beautiful engravings, with memorandums to denote that they were presents to the President of the United States from the French minister, for the use of the President’s house.

We were too late for the usual presentation, but Mr. — and I sent up our cards, and were graciously informed, with the President’s compliments, that he was extremely engaged at the moment, or would have at once received us, but would be glad to see us at ten the next morning, an hour earlier than the usual time. All this was very condescending from the republican king of 25,000,000 of people to a couple of unknown Englishmen, but we were compelled to leave Washington the same night, and so missed the honour of an interview.

On the bank of the river, commanded by the front windows of the President’s house, is the commencement of the Washington monument, a great national work, to which every state has contributed its block of stone, and which is to be 500 feet in height, and of surpassing magnitude in all ways. The works proceed slowly; but, if finished according to the design, it will

be the highest and the most costly column, perhaps, in the world.

XX.

NEW YORK, *September 25, 1851.*

The electro-magnetic telegraph—which, by the way, was invented originally by Mr. Ronalds, who published his discovery and experiments in 1823—has worked a revolution every where; but no country has felt its effect so greatly as America; and no other country possesses an equal length of telegraphic line, or can boast of equal cheapness or regularity in the transmission of information.

With us the telegraph has hitherto been the instrument of the Stock Exchange, and the slave of commerce and the rich, rather than a universal agent used by all classes of the people.

I noticed with interest the tall red or white poles, surmounted by insulators, and bound together by long lines of telegraphic wire, planted like trees through many of the main streets of New York, of Boston, of Philadelphia, of Baltimore; and contrasted this sacrifice of the feelings of street commissioners with the ridiculous regulations enforced at home, by which the ordinary telegraphic wires laid through towns, are, to the great injury and obstruction of the enterprise, buried in the ground under flags and pavements. In riding out amongst the forests too, far away from any cleared country, along roads cut straight out of the woods for miles, there again were rough poles, and a single, thin, dangling wire, stretching away into the distance. There were wires under the rivers and over them; across prairies and over mountains. Indeed the single wire telegraph, erected at a cost of some £20 or £30 a-mile, is pushed out every where, almost in advance of the population—the pioneer of civilisation.

There are now above eleven thousand miles of telegraphic line in the States. You may transnit information from Quebec or Montreal in the north, to New Orleans in the south—a distance of 2000 miles, or 4000 miles there and back—and have your reply in about two hours, including delivery and all delays. You may telegraph from New York to Fond du Lac, in Wisconsin, a distance by the telegraph route of 1500 miles, or 3000 miles there and back, and have your reply delivered to you in an hour, including all delays. A tenth of the time would suffice for mere transmission and reply; but I speak now of the practical interval within which, in the most adverse average circumstances, the message may be sent, written out, and delivered; and the reply received, transmitted, written out, and placed in your hands by messenger. Your message is not, however, invariably written. The printing telegraph is much in vogue; and although in our own country it has made no progress, and has been considered rather as a toy, or pretty trifle for experiment, than as adapted to everyday working, and its accidents—in the United States its inventor appears to have so perfected it, that its action is certain and unexceptionable. It is relied upon for a large mass of important daily intelligence, including the price lists of stocks and funds, and the market rates for staple commodities.

People in America buy by the telegraph, and sell by it—order their beds at hotels, and their clean linen from home, by it—notify all domestic wants of urgency by it—use it as the fairy wand by which distant relatives and friends are brought to speak to them, as it were under their very windows, and at their doors, from the other side of a mighty country. And, in fine, it serves them universally from the cottage to the palace—if such a thing be allowed in so “practical” a country. An old woman, the mother of a labourer in Wisconsin, addressed me, in the

steamer on Lake Erie, to ask if the telegraph had been extended to Fond du Lac. She had come all alone from some out-of-the-way place in Maine, and was on her way to Fond du Lac to join her son, she said; and she wished to telegraph him from New Buffalo, on the east side of Lake Michigan, to meet her at Chicago. A glance at the map will show the wonder of this. New Buffalo has 60 miles of water between it and Chicago, and Fond du Lac is 350 miles north of Chicago. Fond du Lac is a place of yesterday, and yet it is placed within a few minutes, in point of intelligence, of New York, Boston, or Philadelphia.

Thus prices are equalized; the only disturbing element being cost of conveyance. Labour flows at once to the place where a demand exists for it. A broker, consul, or employer, has merely to telegraph to some great centre, a thousand miles off, with the word of high wages, cheap bread, and good privileges—the newspaper gets hold of the intelligence, and the stream turns in that direction as truly as water in coming to its level.

The secret of this extensive use of the telegraph is the low charge, stimulated of course by the locomotive and enterprising habits of the people, and by the special demand for economy of time in so wide and so new a country.

But the connection between the telegraph and the press is the great aspect of this question:—

There are in America some 2500 separate newspapers published daily, weekly, or at other periods. The total circulation of these newspapers averages ONE MILLION COPIES per day.

Now see the working of this cheap telegraph.

The steamer from England comes in at New York or Boston—say at two o'clock; at a quarter to four the heads, or leading “items” of news, are printed and circulated in New York by an issue of thirty thousand evening papers. And in two hours the same news is transmitted, printed, and in circulation all over

those parts of the Union where the telegraph and the daily paper exist. Thus you may be sleeping and musing at some out-of-the way place, in a newly settled state, having the events of two months ago in your head, when an "extra" of the local paper is put into your hand, and you learn, perhaps, as "important news from Europe," that Lord Palmerston has put on a "stiff upper lip" to Russia—that a horrid accident has happened on the Great Western Railway—or that some Italian songstress is coming over by next packet. This news is perhaps an hour, or at most two or three hours, old, in New York, while a passage of nine and a half or ten days has brought it from England.

This telegraphic communication is outstripped only by the diffusion of light; and—just as in that beautiful and glorious phenomenon of nature—rapidity of progress is accompanied by universality. Not one line or course of country only, but the whole Union, far and near, accessible or otherwise by travel, is thus made by it to ring with the same intelligence, to weep at the same woes, to rejoice at the same successes, and to discuss the same political information on the same day.

Is it strange, therefore, that NEWS is taking the place of mere leading articles; and that the truth—the daily history of the world and its leaders, little and big—is becoming, happily, of far more interest than the cloudy speculations, and dreary pointless abuse with which the hacks of political parties still disfigure the press of America? Men are now reading for NEWS—desiring to form their own opinions, and requiring, in connection with the data they search for, and now obtain at first hand, no better speculations than their own.

I confess to have been startled over and over again by being questioned, far away from those places which seemed to me to be the circles of population and intelligence, on some English

or Continental event, of which my letters of three days back contained no mention; and by hearing daily from the mouths of the humblest, discussions upon what was passing, which showed, to use an Americanism, that every one was "posted up" to the latest date with all the important news of the world.

The telegraph, during Congress time, supplies all the principal daily papers with two, three, or sometimes five columns of debate per day, throughout the session.

I should not wish to draw any parallel between the systems pursued by the Telegraph companies of the States and of England. I perceive that our Telegraph company have reduced their charges very recently, for messages of not exceeding twenty words, and for distances of 100 miles and under, to 2s. 6d.; and for distances of over 100 miles, to 5s.—with 3d. for every word additional. This is a great step, and I hope it may increase the revenue of the company. That the English scale of charges can ever approach the American, with profit in the working, is a question upon which I have considerable doubts, founded on the natural difference of the two countries, and on the lesser necessity for the telegraph in an older, far smaller, and more settled dominion, than in a new and widely extending republic. I would, therefore, merely state a few facts, which will give you some idea of the scale of charge adopted in the States on some of the principal lines of communication.

The "North American telegraph line," stands in a similar position to that of our Electric telegraph company. It has the largest extent of communication under its command; and, though competed with, has the great run of business in its extended district between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington,

and the South and West. It connects with O'Reilley's "Atlantic, Lake, Ohio, and Mississippi telegraphs." It transmits information to some 400 through stations, and works over several thousand miles of wires.

The directions issued by this Company to parties sending messages are :—

"Write your message plain, so that it can be read by the operator ; also give dates, full address, and signature, *as no charge is made for either.*"

The practice of making no charge for addresses, is at once a curtailment of one-third of the cost of short messages as charged with us. But even with this concession, and with low rates also, the Company notify to the public, that they "respectfully solicit a share of telegraphic business, and in return, every effort will be made to give satisfaction to their numerous patrons."

The current rates charged by this Company for messages, will be gathered from the following selections from their list of rates. I have given English money instead of American :—

NEW YORK TO	Miles from New York by Telegraph Route.	For Ten Words, or less.		Each additional Word.	
		s.	d.	s.	d.
Boston	237	0	10	0	1
Philadelphia.....	87	1	0½	0	1
Baltimore	184	2	1	0	2
New Orleans	1,663	10	0	0	7
Natchez.....	1,942	9	7	0	7
Mobile	1,585	8	7½	0	6
St. Louis	1,100	6	0½	0	5
Chicago	1,180	4	2	0	3
Fond du Lac.....	1,520	7	8½	0	6½
Halifax, Nova Scotia	850	6	10½	0	5

The rates charged by the "New York and New Orleans" line are similar. For instance—

NEW YORK TO	Distance.	For Ten Words.		Each Word additional.	
		s.	d.	s.	d.
Richmond, Va.	352	2	7½	0	2½
Wilmington	599	4	2	0	4
Charleston.....	778	4	11½	0	4
Savannah	918	6	1	0	4½
Cabawba, Ala.	1,380	7	10	0	0

The "Baltimore and New Orleans line" announce, that "the business of this extensive line will be conducted with efficiency, urbanity, and despatch. The most energetic means have been taken to keep it in a condition for the prompt transmission of all matters entrusted to them." And the following directions to the public are issued:—

"Write plainly, and use no figures. Do not leave a despatch until you know that it is understood. Give your own and correspondent's address, occupation, &c., in full, so as to ensure prompt delivery."

The rates charged by this Company are similar to the foregoing:—

BALTIMORE TO	Distance.	For Ten Words.		Each Word additional.	
		s.	d.	s.	d.
Alexandria, Va.	58	1	1	0	1
Raleigh, N. C.	340	2	3	0	1½
Camden, S. C.	490	3	0½	0	2
Augusta, Ga.	730	4	3½	0	3
Montgomery, Ala.	1,160	6	5½	0	4

XXI.

NEW YORK, *September 26, 1851.*

THE American railway system *is* the American railway system; original, so far as the realisation of the same idea by separate agencies can be so, and in consonance with the age and limited surplus means of the country, and the genius of its people.

The moment that the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway had solved the question of the practicability of working locomotive engines with profit and success, the United States took up the new enterprise with an almost prophetic zeal. While the English Parliament was throwing out the London and Birmingham, and other railway bills, in 1834-5, on the ground of fancied residential damage to some three or four landowners, several hundred miles of railway had been got to work, and a thousand miles more were projected, in the older states of the Union. Since that period the construction of railways in the United States has proceeded with great rapidity, monetary difficulties alone checking their progress from time to time, in this as in all other countries.

In 1832, the United States had 129 miles of railway open for traffic; in 1840, 3,399 miles; and in 1845, 3,855 miles. It is estimated that there are now, in 1851, 10,129 miles in operation, and 7,560 miles in course of construction. The total outlay has been 302,590,116 dollars; or, after deducting the money expended upon the unopened lines, an average cost per mile of about £5,500 sterling, including "equipments."

The number of miles of railway open for traffic in the United Kingdom, according to the last returns, was 6,621, and 551 miles more were in course of construction. The total expenditure was £242,000,000; giving an average of about £35,000 per

mile, including stations and stock, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ times as much as the average cost of the railways of the United States.

This extraordinary difference of cost would seem, at first sight, difficult to account for; especially as two great items of expenditure, iron and labour, are dearer in the United States than in England.

In the first place, however, it must be remembered, that whereas the greater portion of the English railways are double, nearly the whole of the American railways are single, tracks. Then the sums paid for land in England, of necessity high in an old and populous country, have been magnified and exaggerated in all conceivable ways; the railway companies having paid from four to five times the real value of the property they have taken. In the United States, on the contrary, much of the land taken has cost the companies absolutely nothing; and, from all that I have learned, I believe that the average cost of the land for the whole mileage constructed, cannot have exceeded £200 per mile. In England, I have little doubt that it has exceeded £5,000 per mile: in both cases I include station land. Parliamentary expenses, too, which in England have probably averaged £600 per mile, in the United States have cost next to nothing.

But, after all, the excessive cost in our case, and the smaller, cost in the case of the United States, has proceeded rather from the different spirit and temper in which the railways were conceived by their promoters, and treated by the Legislature and the public, in the two countries; than from any other cause.

In England, railways have never been popular, except in times of excitement, and when shares were at a premium. At the outset, they were rather forced upon the country than received with welcome. Every conceivable impediment was thrown in their way on their road to Parliament, and every harsh restriction which could impede their after construction was

there adopted against them. Of late years, the wisdom of the Legislature has been exhibited in the sanction of Acts of Parliament, ostensibly designed to promote the convenience of the public and of private owners; but really having the effect of enhancing the cost, disfiguring the construction, and lessening the capacity and safety of the railways. For example, the Act for the regulation of railways provides, that every turnpike road bridge shall have a clear span of 35 feet, and a clear headway of 16 feet; and that every public road bridge shall have a clear span of 25 feet, and a clear headway of 15 feet. According to this Act, framed by the Railway Board, a road is a road—no matter whether it be used all day long, or only passed over once a month by a milk-cart; and the result is, that splendid bridges, costing on the average perhaps £3,500 each—the cost of a mile of ordinary railway in America—are now standing by the hundred on English railways, over roads almost obliterated, and of the covered surface of which, when travelled over at all, not one-fifth part is ever made use of. The same absurdity attaches to all other works affecting roads, water-ways, and the occupation of land. And thus a vast amount of national capital has been wasted, and the gradients of many lines have been rendered steeper than they need otherwise have been. I know of one bridge, for an unimportant road on a branch line in England, which has cost £20,000. I have travelled for a hundred miles ahead on American lines without seeing a single over-bridge; and I have seen a railway in Indiana and Michigan, of 200 miles in length, which, including stations, working stock and all, will not, when finished, have cost more than the difference between the sum which Mr. Stephenson originally estimated for the great bridge over the , and that which the Admiralty, in their desire to keep a route navigation *in statu quo*, compelled him ultimately to expend.

In the United States, railways have been looked upon, almost universally, as involving the public advantage, and not as mere private speculations; and therefore the Federal government, the separate governments of each state, the counties, and even the cities and towns, have, in their combined and corporate capacities, vied with private capitalists in urging forward an enterprise so necessary for the progress of the country. Money has been borrowed on state and city security; States have become stockholders; Government land has been conceded to promoters,—and indeed every effort has been made, and is still making, to complete the railway system of the Republic. In the mean time, facilities of the most extreme nature for the construction of railways have been accorded by public feeling. Not alone through the finest square of the aristocratic quarter of New York, as well as the thronged business streets of that city, but through the thoroughfares of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and many lesser cities, are rails laid down connecting the lines outside with the heart of the dense population. And thus, for all practical purposes, the objects attempted in England by those “city extensions” and “metropolitan termini,” which have swamped so many dividends, are here obtained, not to perfection I admit, but at least at an insignificant outlay of capital. Then, at the crossing of public and all other roads, instead of the expensive bridge or ornamental lodge (with two little less ornamental policemen, one by day and one by night),—a mere opening across the line, destitute even of a gate, and with not a soul to watch it, is left to admit of passage; and the safety of the sovereign people is provided for simply by the erection of a great board on two high poles, with the inscription—“LOOK OUT FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE WHEN THE BELL RINGS.”

But apart from the absence of legislative impediments, and in addition to the indulgence of the public in permitting its comfort,

and even safety, to be thus 'trenched upon,—the cost of American lines has been brought down by the necessity of making a little capital go a great way, and by the sacrifice of many of the elements of permanent endurance which attach to our railways. We have deemed the invention of railways a final improvement in the means of locomotion, and we have, therefore, constructed our works to last for the "for ever" of brick and mortar. We have made our rails strong enough for any possible weight of engine; our drainage capacious enough to remove any conceivable flood; our cuttings and embankments with slopes which defy the chance of slips; our bridges firm enough for many times the weight that can ever come upon them; and our tunnels with a solidity worthy of works of such magnitude,—not forgetting their huge stone "faces," seen only by our engine-drivers, but equal to the architecture of the catacombs. Then our display of ornament; our paint, fancy iron-work, and plantations; our Elizabethan architecture and triumphal arches,—are all testimonies of the spirit of some of our countrymen, who esteem it a public duty to promote the fine arts of their country, without reference to so mercenary a consideration as dividend.

In America, the answer to all this is, that "they are a young country, and must be satisfied with the practical and essential." They tell you, also, that they want railways for work, and that if the roadway is sound, the rails strong enough, and the gradients good, they do not care if the line be single, the bridges of piles, the fencing rough, or the slopes unsoiled. They say, too, that our desire for "permanence" is a bar to future improvement; while their plan of putting up with "what will do," leaves the door open for invention. Thus, with the exception of a few of the New England lines, the older railways were at first unballasted, and laid as "flat bar track;" that is, with a thin, flat bar of iron nailed on to longitudinal sleepers. The cars cannot run fast on

this road; and "snake heads," the starting up of the bar under the wheels, cause frequent accidents. This kind of track has, however, been to a great extent superseded by a well-ballasted road, laid with good transverse sleepers, and solid flat-bottomed rails of from 56 to 72 lbs. to the yard. These rails are either simply spiked down to the sleepers, or have a wrought or cast iron chair at the joints, the intermediate sleepers being secured by 3 inch spikes only. The wrought iron chair most in vogue is made from a piece of half-inch plate, eight inches by six, cut on each side, and turned up to receive the thin, flat, bottom flange of the rail, and has four spike-holes.

On many of the newer lines there are works as fine and as permanent as our own; and on all these railways the difficult works, tested by their economy, are worthy of admiration. The terminal stations, too, are often costly, and always capacious, and the workshops have tools equal or superior to ours in all practical respects.

Although daily wages are higher in the States than with us, I imagine that the work of construction is done as cheaply. In a recent contract, made in a part of the country where the average of prices is not disturbed by any transient or permanent cause,—the prices were, for earthwork in embankments, 8d. per cube yard; earthwork in common excavations, 7d. per cube yard; rock cutting, 5s. 3d. per cube yard; masonry, 29s. 2d. per cube yard; cleaning and grubbing, 3½d. per yard; fencing, 6s. 3d. per rod of 16 feet. The Michigan Central Company have let the lifting and reballasting with gravel of 21 miles of their old flat bar track, at 6½d. per cube yard, the company finding power and waggons.

Some of the railway enterprises now in hand in the States are truly grand conceptions. To make a railway where population

exists is one thing, but to make one in order to call forth a population is another.

The "Pacific Railroad," which is the beginning of an iron way from St. Louis to the Pacific Ocean, and the "Illinois Central Railroad," which is the northern link of a complete connection between the great lakes and the Gulf of Mexico, are instances of how far enterprise in America can look ahead, and by anticipating, ensure the progress of population, and the cultivation of otherwise inaccessible tracts of country. To aid both these great enterprises, the Federal government have granted to the states through which the intended lines and their prospective extensions are to pass, alternate sections of land, twelve miles wide, along the entire course of the proposed routes; and the states so endowed with this territory, have re-granted it in part to companies willing to construct sections of the railways.

The Illinois Central Railroad is to commence at Cairo, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and proceed through the heart of Illinois to Chicago and Galena.

The estimated traffic and profits of this line, which is to open up a country now producing little, are curious. The estimated traffic is stated as—

		Dollars.
150,000 Tons of Coal, an average of	75 miles,	225,000
150,000 " Lumber, "	100 "	300,000
1,000,000 " Produce (Indian corn, &c.)	100 "	4,000,000
125,000 " Merchandise back,	100 "	625,000
60,000 Passengers, local,	300 "	540,000
26,000 " through,	400 "	312,000
20,000 Tons through freight,	400 "	200,000
Mails		6,202,000
		98,000
Expenses, at 1 cent per Ton or per Passenger,		6,300,000
Estimated Nett profit,		2,580,000
		3,720,000

The stock estimated to be required for working this traffic is stated to be—75 engines, 90 passenger cars, 960 freight cars, and 640 coal cars.

The passenger vehicles or "cars," used on these railways, resemble, in external appearance, the caravans which once were used by Mr. Wombwell for his lions; but they are much larger, and have ten times the number of windows. They are long boxes, either very plain or very gaudy outside, according to their age and the taste of the superintendent, but are usually fitted up inside with taste and great regard for comfort. They work on bogie-frames, and, long as they are, will go round the sharpest curves. They are invariably high enough to enable you to stand upright, and usually large enough to hold from 60 to 80 persons, the passengers sitting two together in rows, and a passage being left down the middle of the vehicle. In cars of the best construction, the back of each seat is moveable, so that you may sit either with your face or back to the engine, as you happen to prefer it; or you may thus separate your party from intrusion. Small platforms are placed on the end of each car, upon which the doors open out, and thus you may walk from one end to the other of the train with perfect facility. The conductor marches through the cars, receives your fare, if you have not chosen to pay it at the depôt before starting; and takes your ticket or check, if you have one. To enable the conductor to control the motions of the engine-driver in case of need, a cord is run through rings at the top of the cars, and connected through the train; and by means of this he can make two or three simple signals, and stop, start, or reduce the speed of running. Every car has a break at each end; and in very long trains the conductor is assisted by one or more breaksmen. The cars are warmed by stoves in winter. In summer the stove is removed; but on well-managed lines, a filter, containing clear iced water is substituted, and

placed in some convenient corner of one or more of the cars, for the use of the passengers. This is a great comfort in hot weather; for the railroads are usually very dusty in summer, and the fine wood ashes from the engine drive in at the windows of the cars, very frequently in showers.

In long through trains, at least one car is fitted with separate closets for ladies and for gentlemen; and a small compartment is partitioned off, and fitted up with seats and a couch for invalids. These cars cost from £450 to £600 each.

To travel for twelve hours at a stretch, shut up in a car along with sixty or eighty other persons of every class, and of varying manners, is hardly conformable to exclusive English notions of the comfort of a semi-solitary coupée, and of first-class travelling. Though on most of the lines second class cars are provided, in which the traveller, by the way, may smoke if he please, the low fares and the abundant resources of the people, lead to a very general use of the first-class. Thus you may sometimes see a distinguished doctor of the church, a judge of the supreme court, or one of the President's ministers, in close proximity to some honest carpenter, or village storekeeper on a very small scale; and it is a very common sight to see the elegant silk or satin dress, in true French "mode," of some "upper crust" lady, within a few feet of the rough coat of a country farmer, or the homely shawl of the farmer's strapping wife or daughter. Yet with all this mixing together of classes in continual contrast, I never saw any approach to studied rudeness, or even incivility; and it is notorious that in the United States—would it were so in England—a lady may travel alone through the whole country, in any public conveyance she chooses, without the chance of insult or personal inconvenience arising from her want of a protector. In this particular, the people of the United States prove their essentially good feeling and gentility, and set an

example to us which—now that railway travelling has become so great a necessity, that a hundred millions of journeys are made in the United Kingdom every year—it is essential to enforce, if we would ensure the comfort of ladies travelling alone.

The fares charged on the railways in the Northern States are, generally speaking, lower than those demanded in districts of less population: and especially in the Southern States. The through first-class fares on some of the principal Northern railways are as follows :—

Name of Railways.	Length.	State of	First Class Fare per mile.
			s. d.
Erie Railroad	467	New York	0 0 $\frac{1}{4}$
Michigan Central	218	Michigan	0 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Pennsylvania	136	Pennsylvania	0 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Western.....	200	Massachusetts	0 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Housatonic	88	Connecticut	0 0 $\frac{3}{4}$
Boston and Providence	43	Massachusetts	0 1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Atlantic and St. Lawrence...	47	Maine	0 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Long Island	95	New York	0 1 $\frac{11}{16}$
Hudson River	75	New York	0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Old Colony	57	Massachusetts	0 1 $\frac{1}{2}$

The usual fares on the Southern lines may be gathered from the following selection :—

Name of Railways.	Length.	State of	Fare per mile.
			s. d.
Baltimore and Ohio.....	179	Maryland & Va	0 2
Central Virginia	71	Virginia	0 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Georgia	171	Georgia	0 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Macon and Western.....	101	Ditto	0 2
Montgomery and West Point	68	Alabama	0 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
South Carolina	136	South Carolina	0 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Ditto Columbia Branch.....	68	Ditto	0 2 $\frac{1}{4}$
West Feliciana	26	Louisiana	0 2 $\frac{1}{4}$
Wilmington and Weldon ...	162	North Carolina	0 1 $\frac{1}{2}$

It must be recollected that, so far as the elements of the cost of working are concerned, America is a dear country; yet we see fares in force, even where no competition of any kind exists, from twenty-five to fifty per cent. lower than our own. The difference is to be accounted for primarily by the lower first cost of the railways themselves, and in lesser degree by the lower speed and more economical system of working adopted.

Capital must have its return: and though competition may bring down prices for a time, or permanently, the public will ultimately have to pay such rates as will not merely defray the bare cost of working, but yield a reasonable profit also; and the scale of that profit must always be more or less measured by the extent of capital requiring a dividend. Therefore the public have a deep, though undoubtedly indirect, interest in cheapening, instead of enhancing, the first cost of railways.

Then, again, in England we cover our lines over with superintendents, police, guards, porters, and a host of other officials; and relieve the passenger of many of those troubles which, in America, he contends with himself. Travellers in our country would "write to the Times" in a moment, if they were not attended almost from the door of the booking-office at one end of a railway, to the cab-stand at the other, by some smirking official in full uniform. In America, the traveller "fixes" most matters himself. You go up to some gentleman at a station, whom you suspect to be one of the porters of the company,—for, as no uniform is worn, the identification is difficult, and request to be informed "If he is one of the officials?" He will, in all probability, reply, "Well, suppose I am, now?" On which you will politely point to your trunk, and state that you require its deposit in the baggage car. If the trunk be a very little one, the chances are that he will do

what you ask ; but if, unfortunately, it should be a very big one, he may answer, " Well, now, guess I ain't."

When the train is ready to move on, the conductor usually calls out twice, " ALL ON BOARD ?" and then off it goes ; the man never thinking it necessary to see that all his passengers are inside : and if his attention should be called to the fact, that some puffy gentleman is left behind, he will most likely lean over, and, listlessly examining the distanced passenger, coolly say, " Suspect, now, he'll come by next train, he will." Americans learn very early the excellent rule of self-dependence ; and the railway travelling public wisely consider it their duty to look after themselves. So there is less need of porter, police, interpreters, and enquiry offices than with us.

The locomotive used in the United States is an ugly machine, with a " pilot," or iron guard before it. It runs on ten, twelve, or fourteen wheels, in order more equally to distribute the weight in driving over light metals ; and has a chimney, broad at the top, and narrow at the bottom, like a great inverted bell, which assists the air draught. These machines cost about £1,500 each. They burn wood, in lieu of coke or coal, almost universally. This necessitates frequent stoppages, every twenty or twenty-five miles, to take in wood at stations, and the heat evolved is not so regular and constant as that derived from the consumption of coke. The average cost for this fuel is from twopence three farthings to fivepence per mile run. The wages, or " compensation," of engine-drivers will average about two dollars a-day, an extreme price being two dollars and a half ; but they work longer hours, and run more miles with the same engine, than is usual with us. Firemen's wages are seldom more than half those of drivers. The conductor, who is a far more important officer than the guard of an English train, usually receives from two to three dollars a-day.

The freight cars are large and long, like the passenger cars. They are usually built to hold from seven to twelve tons, and are almost invariably covered, having slide doors at the side. This class of waggon is used for all purposes; and I have seen a horse, a cow, a hogshead of sugar, and two or three tons of shingle board, all loaded in the same vehicle. These cars cost from £150 to £230 each.

The working of the Massachusetts railways may perhaps be fairly taken as illustrating the ordinary mileage, earnings, and expenses, of American railways, where, from the number of lines open, there is considerable competition. The statistics of these roads, as made up last year, show the following results:—

Total number of Miles of Railway then open		1,025
Total number of Miles run by Trains in year		4,436,895
Number of Miles run by Passenger Trains		2,668,201
Number of Miles run by Freight (Goods) Trains		1,768,694
Number of Passengers carried		8,782,742
Number of Tons of Merchandise carried		2,205,165
Total Income from Passengers		£712,810
Total Income from Merchandise		£574,723
Total income from all sources		£1,350,833
Total Working Charges, and all other Expenses		£797,436

These figures give the following averages:—

	s.	d.
Average Gross Earnings per Mile run	6	1
Average Expenses do.	3	7½
Average Passenger Receipts do.	5	4
Average Merchandise Receipts do.	6	5
Average Sum Received for each Passenger	1	8
Average Sum Received for each Ton of Merchandise	5	3

I must observe, that the sums charged as "expenses," seem to include many items which are not strictly working charges.

The railway companies in Massachusetts and New York States are managed with great prudence, and reserve funds are retained in hand, sometimes to a considerable amount. The same may be said of many of the companies in Pennsylvania and elsewhere. But, at the same time, it must be observed that in a majority of cases, the policy pursued is to extract a dividend at the earliest possible moment; to pay that dividend to the last farthing of available surplus over working expenses; and to trust to the increase of traffic for providing, when the emergency may arrive, for the deterioration of the permanent way, and the rebuilding or replacement of worn-out stock. Very few companies, indeed, systematically provide for the renewal of the perishable parts of their property by a reserve fund, regularly put aside out of the annual revenue; and the reason given for the omission is, simply, that by the time permanent way requires renewal, or timber bridges and viaducts replacement, the traffic of the lines will have become so greatly developed that it will be then more advisable to enlarge the capital to the extent required, and replace and renew every thing on a more permanent and substantial scale. Timber is cheap; and the sleeper, or "sill," which costs us four shillings, is to be had for a shilling here.

The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, whose accounts give an extraordinary amount of valuable statistical detail, have a renewal fund, based upon an assumed calculation of so much per ton conveyed. For instance, in the past year, a gross weight of 297,108,427 tons has been taken as conveyed over one mile; and three-halfpence per hundred tons so conveyed, or, in total, £18,568, has been put aside to meet renewals of road and stock. This is on thirty-five miles of double line, bearing a gross revenue of £492,483 per annum, or £5,184 per mile

which is the largest mileage receipt in America. The gross expenses of this line average three shillings and sevenpence-halfpenny per train mile; and the gross receipts, eight shillings and fourpence-halfpenny per train mile, which latter is an extremely high average. The enormous trains, which carry a load of three hundred and seventy-two tons of coal, for which the company's usual charge is five shillings and ninepence-halfpenny per ton for ninety-five miles, or nearly three farthings per mile, yield these heavy receipts per mile.

XXII.

PHILADELPHIA.

No subject can be more interesting than the organisation of the public land system of the United States.

After the struggle for independence, the founders of the Republic turned their attention to the establishment of a system for the division and disposal of the vast tracts of land which were either then the property of the nation, or might afterwards be acquired. A committee of the Continental Congress, consisting of Thomas Jefferson, chairman, and delegates Williamson, Howell, Gerry, and Reas, was appointed, and on the 7th May, 1784, they brought up "an ordinance for ascertaining the mode of locating and disposing of land in the Western territory, and for other purposes therein mentioned."

This ordinance stipulated that the public land should be divided into "hundreds," of ten miles square each, and that these "hundreds" should be subdivided into "lots" of one mile square each; each lot being numbered from 1 to 100, "beginning on the north-west corner, and counting from west to east, and from east to west, continuously." Also, that the land, as so subdivided, should be offered, in the first instance, for sale by public auction.

The ordinance was amended, on discussion, by Congress, the size of the "hundred," or "township," being reduced to six square miles, and was finally adopted on the 20th May, 1785.

A very interesting little book, published by J. H. Colton, of New York, "The Western Tourist," gives the following succinct description of the practical mode in which the surveys, sale, and location of these lands are effected:—

Our land system thus founded has gradually grown up to its present perfection, having been modified from time to time, as the condition of the country and the wants of the people required. This system, the work of our republican fathers—so simple in its theory and practice, so certain and admirable in its results—is now operating upon the organized land districts of the United States, as found in the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, and in the newly-formed territory of Minnesota.

The principles of surveying are uniform and very easy of comprehension. *Meridian lines* are established and surveyed in a line due north from some important point, generally from the junction of some important water-courses. These are intersected at right angles with a *base line*. On the meridians the "townships" are numbered north or south from the *base lines*, and on the base line "ranges" are numbered east or west of the *meridian*. There are six *principal meridians* used in the surveys of the western states and territories.

The "first" *principal meridian* is a line due north from the mouth of the Great Miami River to the old northern boundary of Ohio, with a *base line* extending due E. on the 41st degree of north latitude.

The "second" *principal meridian* is a line due north from a point on the Ohio river to the northern boundary of Indiana.

The "third" *principal meridian* is a line due north from the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to the northern boundary of Illinois. The *base line* for the second and third principal meridians commences on the Ohio at 38 deg. 30 min. N. lat., and extends due W. to the Mississippi.

The "fourth" *principal meridian* commences on the Illinois river, at a point 72 miles due north from its mouth (here also commences its *base line*, and runs due west to the Mississippi river). The meridian continues north (crossing and recrossing the Mississippi river) to the Wisconsin river, with

an additional *base line* on the north boundary of Illinois for the surveys in Wisconsin.

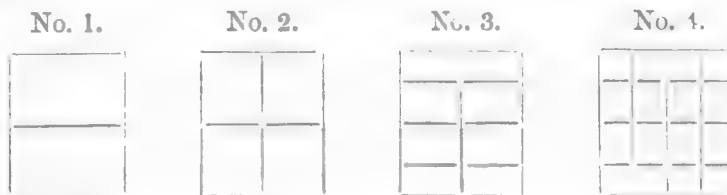
The "fifth" *principal meridian* is a line beginning at the mouth of the Arkansas river, thence through the states of Arkansas and Missouri to township 54 north, where it crosses the Mississippi, recrosses into Iowa, and continues to the Mississippi river near Cassville. Its *base line* extends due west from the mouth of White river to the western boundary of Arkansas.

The "sixth" *principal meridian* is used for the state of Michigan, and begins on the south boundary of the state in a due north direction from the junction of the Maumee and Au-Glaize rivers to the Straits of Mackinaw, having a *base line* crossing the peninsula in a due west line from about the centre of Lake St. Clair to Lake Michigan.

When a *meridian* and *base line* have been laid out, township lines are run (at a distance of six miles) parallel to the meridian and *base line*. These form townships of six miles square, containing an area of 36 square miles. Each square mile is a "section," and contains 640 acres. The sections are numbered from 1 to 36, beginning at the north-east corner of the township, as seen in the annexed diagram.

6	5	4	3	2	1
7	8	9	10	11	12
18	17	16*	15	14	13
19	20	21	22	23	24
30	29	28	27	26	25
31	32	33	34	35	36

Sections are subdivided into half sections of 320 acres (see diagram No. 1); into quarter sections of 160 acres (see No. 2); and half quarter sections of 80 acres (see No. 3). Prior to the year 1820 no person could purchase less than a quarter, but in that year legal authority was given for the division and sale of the sections into eighths. And in 1832, as a further accommodation to settlers, they were divided into sixteenths, or 40 acre lots (see No. 4). The following diagrams will illustrate the plan of dividing adopted in the surveys:—



* The 16th. section of each township is appropriated for school purposes in all the new states.

The privilege of having them thus minutely subdivided was, by act of Congress, 1846, extended to all purchasers at private sale. The corners of townships, sections, and quarter sections, are designated by monuments established by the surveyors on the field.

After the lands have been thus surveyed, they are proclaimed by the President for sale, and offered at public auction at not less than 1.25 dol. per acre ; and such as thereafter remain unsold are subject to be purchased at private sale at that rate. As only a small portion of the lands thus offered are disposed of at public sales, our own citizens, as well as emigrants from all parts of the world, have at all times an opportunity of selecting and purchasing at private sale rich and fertile tracts possessing every requisite for desirable farms.

The security of titles emanating under this system has greatly contributed to the rapid settlement of the public lands. The positions of all tracts are shown by the surveys on the ground, in strict conformity with legislative direction ; so that even when the monuments, by which they are indicated, perish under the consuming influence of time, they can still be identified, and their boundaries determined with unerring accuracy.

In conveying these lands to purchasers, the brief designation of the number of the lot, or its position in the section, with the number of the section, township, and range, will as fully and certainly convey the title as could be done by the most critical detail of boundaries and laboured description of courses and distances. This is fully shown by the fact, that although this system has been extended over hundreds of millions of acres, including every variety of soil and climate, occupied by people from almost every civilized portion of the world, litigation, as to boundaries, has been so inconsiderable as to place the superiority of this national system in striking contrast with those of the older states of the confederacy. Indeed, where there has been litigation, it has been mainly caused by frauds, and not by any defect in the plan of operation.

This wise and comprehensive system has had more to do with the success of the "republican experiment," as it is called, than any other circumstance. For all the conditions—of open purchase without favouritism or difficulty of access, of easy identification, and of safe and simple title without legal expense, or the chance of litigation, required to assure and facilitate the

operations of settlers from all parts of the world are thus provided for, as the result has proved, with entire success. Under this system the country has become settled without noise, confusion, or dispute; and those strangers who have purchased an interest in the soil have, by the very fairness and enlightenment of the conditions of their admission to the Republic, become attached to its institutions.

Not unmindful of the mental, while considering the material interests of the country, the originators of this system made a provision for education part of their great scheme, and more recently every sixteenth section of land in each township, or one thirty-second part of the whole of the public land, has been set apart for the support of schools, and for general purposes of tuition.

The interest of the squatters has not been forgotten; and although these persons have obtained a clandestine occupation, Congress, considering that they have improved the soil upon which they have settled, by their own labour, has given them the right of pre-emptive purchase, at a minimum price, to the exclusion of other parties.

The management of the public land is vested in a Commissioner, subordinate to the Secretary of the Interior; and a Surveyor and Receiver is placed in the central portion of each state in which public land exists.

The public lands embrace an estimated area of 1,584,000,000 acres, of which 146,000,000 had been disposed of up to the end of 1849; leaving 1,438,000,000 acres unsold.

XXIII.

NEW YORK, *September 25th, 1851.*

THE United States excel in two very opposite features of the age—omnibuses and the daguerreotype.

The omnibuses of New York, and of other large cities, are comfortable, commodious in size, and driven rapidly. In New York they are worked in districts, each omnibus plying between particular streets intersecting Broadway or other great thoroughfares. The usual charge is at the rate of three cents, or three-halfpence per mile; these low fares contrast with the high fares charged for cabs—the latter being at the rate of half a dollar a mile, or a dollar an hour—and immense numbers of persons make use of them. Broadway is, if possible, more completely infested by omnibuses than Cheapside; and if the omnibus of New York be smaller than that of London, the greater number plying make up for the difference of size. In hot weather, people do not “admire” walking; and the open sides and well-made blinds of the New York omnibus, render it a very pleasant means of circulating through the streets.

The American omnibus cannot afford the surplus labour of a conductor. The driver has entire charge of the machine; he drives; opens and shuts, or “fixes,” the door; takes the money; exhorts the passengers to be “smart,” all by himself—yet he never quits his box. He keeps command of the door, by having beside him the end of a leather strap, which is fastened to the door, and passes along the roof through a number of rings to a catch by his side. When he wishes to open the door, he slackens, when he desires to shut it, he tightens the strap, and thus no one can give him leg-bail and be off without paying fare. The money is paid

to him, and directions to stop given, through a hole in the roof just behind his seat ; and it is marvellous with what celerity and *sang-froid* he takes your money, and perhaps gives you change, with one hand, while driving his team with the other through a crowded neighbourhood. He seems, too, to possess the power of speaking to his horses and his passengers at the same time, and sometimes you doubt whether he is not practising a kind of ventriloquism—for you hear him call out to you the name of your street, invite some new customer to join his vehicle, and ironically inform rival drivers that he “just does guess they are particular smart” for running across his track or stopping in his way—almost in the same breath.

The daguerreotype is universal in the States.

Whether the Californian fever has induced people going out to leave their portraits behind them, never expecting to come back themselves ; or whether the twelve millions of possible Presidents consider it simple justice to posterity to preserve their likenesses—I know not. Certain it is, that wherever you go you see daguerreotypists by the dozen ; I believe I noticed about a score at Saratoga, as many at Chicago, two or three in each small town elsewhere ; and I counted fifty here, in Broadway, and then gave over from fatigue.

The artists who devote themselves to this beautiful invention in New York, have an institution of their own, and are doing much to promote the improvement of the art. The clear atmosphere which usually prevails is greatly in their favour, and the specimens they obtain usually possess, in consequence, a strength of outline and a brilliancy, which you seldom see in similar works at home.

The daguerreotypists have a low “tariff” of prices, and thus bring the use of the invention down to the means of all classes. You may have your manifold beauties perpetuated in “small,” by

a third-rate practitioner, for a shilling English; while, for a dollar, you may have a magnificent likeness by a first-rate artist. For two dollars, you may be "taken," and also "done up," in a morocco case; and for five dollars, you may have every button displayed on the largest scale. The prices charged are not more than a third of those demanded in London, and the likenesses are fully equal, if not superior, to any executed by the first artists of the metropolis, or of Paris.

The use of the daguerreotype is not confined to portrait-making. It is extended to landscapes. At Niagara, for instance, it is used to obtain views of the Falls; and you may have a fine picture, with the additional attraction of seeing yourself depicted, in a sentimental attitude, in the foreground,—taken for five dollars.

XXIV.

NEW YORK, *September 26th, 1851.*

HAVING a day to spare, before leaving New York, I joined a party and drove out to visit the "High Bridge" across the Harlaem river, over which is conveyed the water-supply of New York.

Before 1842, New York was extremely ill supplied with water, and its inhabitants suffered greatly from the bad quality, scarcity, and dearness, of this prime necessary of life.

In 1835, however, the citizens decided to construct the "Croton Water Works," which were formally opened in July, 1842. The cost of the works was nearly £3,000,000 sterling. The water is derived from the Croton river, at a point about forty miles from New York, and five miles from the Hudson. Near the source of the supply, a reservoir, covering 400 acres, and

containing 500,000,000 gallons, is provided. The aqueduct which proceeds from this reservoir is eight feet five inches high, and about seven feet wide, and has a descent of thirteen and a quarter inches per mile: it is capable of discharging 60,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours.

The aqueduct crosses the Harlaem river, a branch of the "East river," by the "High Bridge," a work of great magnitude, and exhibiting the utmost engineering ability. This bridge, which is built of fine stone, is 1450 feet long, and has fourteen arches; eight of them of eighty feet span, and six of fifty feet span; and its upper level is one hundred and fourteen feet above tide water. It cost more than £180,000. The aqueduct pours its supply into the "receiving reservoir," in Eighty-sixth Street; and this again communicates with the "distributing reservoir," in Fortieth Street. There are now laid down, in New York, nearly 200 miles of pipe, varying from six to thirty-six inches in diameter. It is estimated that the water supply would be abundant were the city five times its present size. The water is clear, pure, and delightful; and no city in the world is now furnished with this wholesome article in greater abundance, or of better quality.

The drive from New York, along the high banks of the Hudson, to the Harlaem river, is very pleasing. The scenery of the river is beautiful; and the number of villas placed along the banks, amidst plantations and ornamental groves, show that these fine situations are eagerly sought after by the richer classes. In driving through the suburbs of the city, I was forcibly struck with the rapid alternation which, even here, is apparent, between the splendour and luxury of wealthy residences, and the poverty of the hastily built shanties in which many of the new-comers have installed themselves. A quarter of an hour's drive brought us from the "west end" of New York to a small collection of wooden

huts, on a barren and stony elevation, overlooking the river—which belong to some squatters, who possess a title to the soil on which they have placed themselves, and who will be cleared away without remorse, should the now valueless land become saleable for building purposes. But this contrast appears every where; and the strange mixture of the permanent and the temporary; the splendid and the squalid; the refined and the savage—is a feature which must distinguish the face of all new countries from their older rivals.

We spent some time in examining the “High Bridge,” and in walking over and under it. On the eastern side of the river we found that usual resort of the idle public, a shooting-gallery; and on entering it, at the earnest solicitation of its proprietor, we discovered that a small figure of poor Marshal Haynau was used as a target, and that the adventurous marksman was thus enabled to satisfy public opinion by riddling the poor effigy with pistol balls.

The prospect from the terrace of the Washington Hotel, on the New York side of the river, above the Bridge, is extremely beautiful. It is the river at Richmond over again, but in the larger and harder features of American scenery. As we stood on the balcony—the river far down below, spanned by the white stone arches of the Bridge, and enclosed by high rocky banks, partially covered by trees, now tinged with the fading tints of autumn; a fertile country, enlivened by bright white churches and pretty villages here and there; and the dark woods of Long Island in the distance—I thought I never gazed upon a fairer scene.

Holiday people come out here to enjoy the scenery; and the “High Bridge” is a favourite place of resort.

XXV.

STEAM SHIP PACIFIC, AT SEA, *October 6, 1851.*

SATURDAY, the twenty-seventh of September, came: my leave of absence was out; and I left New York in the "Pacific," one of the steamers of the "Collins" or American mail line, hoping to reach Liverpool on Tuesday, the 7th October.

Though anxious to return home, and influenced by that yearning for *work* which an unusually long absence from business produces—I still quitted New York with regret; for I left behind me many kind friends, who had made my short stay in, and rapid journeys through, the States, most agreeable.

It is a happiness, always, to see and to learn something new; and every one whose ears and eyes are open must find travelling delightful. But how much is the happiness and the delight increased when you meet with a new continent, a new spirit, a new rate of progress, new institutions—in short, every thing new, to purely English or European notions,—in the midst of a people speaking the language of your own country, and regarding that country with filial reverence as their fatherland. Then, again, in this youthful and improved edition of our own land, travelling is FREE,—there are no passports, no secret police, no military despotism, no suppression of political discussions—none of those painful and annoying contrasts to the freedom and unimpeded locomotion of Great Britain, which the Continent for several summers past has presented. You come to this country when you will, travel through it where you choose, and leave it when you like,—and no official ventures to ask your business, or to trouble you even to write down your name. But beyond this, the traveller is met by all with whom he comes in contact; especially by the native American, with a

warmth of hospitality, and a sincere desire to throw open to him every source of information, which cannot be exceeded, and which I fear is not equalled, by the attention paid to tourists in England.

It was a delightful morning when, accompanied by several friends residing in New York, I went on board the *Pacific*; and the sunshine itself could not be more bright than my recollections of the genuine good feeling and kindness I had met with. But the tang, tang, tang, of the ship's bell soon warned the friends of all of us to go ashore, and at twelve o'clock we steamed out of the Bay, after many adieus, and amidst frequent salutes from the shore and from the steamers at anchor.

We had fine weather for a day or two, and then got into dense fogs, which, after two or three days' endurance, were followed by drizzling rain and a gradually increasing western gale. The wind, however, was with us; and though the vessel rolled uneasily—having little loading, the breeze right aft, and all her sails set—we did not heed it, since the daily reckoning showed a rapid progress—*homewards*.

We had but a small number of passengers on board, and had full opportunity of enjoying the ample accommodation of this splendid vessel. Amongst our complement were some German families returning to the continent—after an experiment for a year or two of living in America—to sell off their property, and finally bring over their remaining kindred to the new country. One old gentleman told me he was *tired* of Germany; and, though not hopeless of her destiny, he conceived it his duty to transplant his family to America, believing that it was far better for them, looking to recent political events, to risk the permanence of a new country, than to struggle, suffer, and perhaps die, in endeavouring to improve an old one.

We had on board, also, two fine intelligent men, brothers, who, thirteen years ago, left Scotland to settle in Australia.

They had prospered out there, and were returning, for the first time since their departure, to their native land. They were full of the pleasure of again seeing their old father, who would be waiting their arrival in London with deep anxiety; and it was indeed delightful to watch how their faces beamed as some familiar name, or well-known place at home, was every now and then recalled in conversation. They had quitted Melbourne about six months ago in a wool vessel, sailed round to Callao, and on to Lima, and then crossed the Isthmus to Chagres; from whence they had gone to Havanah, and then journeyed to New Orleans, and up the Mississippi into the heart of the United States.

At Havanah they had seen the execution of several of the Cuban invaders, and had been present at the death of Lopez. He was executed, they said, on a high scaffold placed in a large square, the place of execution being surrounded by troops, so that no attempt at rescue would have been possible. He was brought out clothed in the long white dress and high white cap appropriated to criminals. He ascended the scaffold with difficulty, having been wounded in several places, and bitten on the legs by the bloodhounds used to scent him out as he lay concealed amongst the woods. His face showed no sign of fear; and he was as composed as if the occasion were one of ordinary character. He attempted to speak; but, uttering something distasteful to the authorities, he was at once pulled back, uttering in Spanish the correctly reported words, "Adieu, dear Cuba!" He sat down quietly in the chair, his head resting against the beam, and the iron collar was placed round his neck by the executioner. He adjusted the collar himself as well as his pinioned hands would allow him; and then the fatal lever—a long iron handle—was turned sharply round, his head fell upon his breast, his hands were twice raised convulsively, and in an instant he was motionless and dead.

We had been steaming, sailing, and rolling our way homewards, with a cheerfulness which neither winds nor waves could blow away or drown, for some days.

At length came the most stormy day of our passage. It blew a gale of wind, and the sea ran high. The vessel rolled her worst; and our fellow-passengers, tired of vain attempts to keep their legs on deck, one by one slunk out of sight—some hiding themselves in their berths, others clinging with desperate tenacity to the benches of the smoking-room, and the rest gathering in sullen knots on the stair-heads and in the passages, or crouching over brandy and water around the cabin tables. Breakfast was a miserable meal—lunch still worse. Every one looked damp and disconsolate. Even the experienced American traveller, who, the night before, entertained us with adventures at the North Pole, and was then full of Sir John Franklin, looked as if he had left hope—with his wife and family—behind. The only really cheerful face was that of Mr. ———, an English merchant, whose acquaintance I had made on coming out in the *Asia*, and whom I again met, unexpectedly, but with pleasure, on board this vessel at New York. He and I had travelled over similar portions of the States; and as we sailed homewards, we had day by day entertained each other with our comparative views of American men, women, politics, and scenery, and with all the ridiculous stories we had picked up. Like me, he had a wife and little children at home. He was anxious to return, and counted the hours which must intervene before his arrival, and the miles of water which separated him from his native land. Not a day passed without some speculation between us as to *when* we should reach home.

After lunch on the day I speak of, we went on deck together, and smoked and talked, while the vessel rolled and the wind whistled around us. We had the deck almost to ourselves;—a

gentleman from New Orleans, and a German merchant from New York, who sat together by the funnel, ourselves, and the men on duty, being the only persons visible. Mr. ——— was as merry as a schoolboy, and smoked as complacently as if seated in his garden-chair on a fine summer's evening; instead of upon a wet and slippery deck, one moment a precipice overhanging the sea, and the next a wall erected before him, with a heavy sea around, and a copper-coloured sky, hiding every vestige of the sun, above.

Finishing his cigar, he invited me to go with him on to the fore-castle deck, in the bows of the vessel. I demurred, more from idleness than dislike, but did not refuse; and, after a joke or two, he rose, spoke to the mate on duty, and went down below, as I thought to obtain another cigar.

In a few minutes afterwards there was a cry amidships, "A man overboard!" I ran to the wheel and passed the word. The life-buoy was thrown over in a moment, and lifting my eyes, I saw the head of the unfortunate man, whom I did not then recognise, just above the water, about a hundred yards astern. He had got out of the track of the vessel, and was swimming well, but the immense waves hid him every other moment from view.

The engines were stopped—the captain ran on deck—the life-boat was got ready to lower—the second mate stripped, and the men kicked off their shoes, ready for an attempt, full of peril and little likely to be successful, to reach the drowning man. In the mean time, the first mate mounted the cross-trees, and after him went the captain; and just as the anxious crowd, whom the event had called on deck, were expecting the sails to be taken in, the vessel to be put about, and the boat to be lowered—a signal from aloft told us that the poor fellow had been seen to turn over in the dead-water of a huge breaking wave, and go down, never to rise again.

Missing Mr. ———, I went below to tell him of our misfortune. As I reached the cabin door, some one met me, and said, "It is your friend!" I was struck dumb. I ran into his berth. He was gone.

We were twelve hundred miles from land, encircled by great dark waves, and frowned upon by murky and threatening clouds. No vessel was in sight.

At last on we went, leaving that sad spot farther and farther behind us. The wind blew, and we flew before it; and as if to mock us, just as the vessel got into rapid motion, the sun shot out for an instant in one broad smiling ray, which streaked the surface of the water, and painted the crest of every wave with rainbow colours, and then disappeared, leaving the sea and sky as dark and threatening as before.

This misfortune has saddened the remainder of our passage, and to-day, for the first time since it happened, we have to some degree recovered our spirits on gaining sight of Cape Clear. To-morrow we hope to be in Liverpool.

For myself, I look forward to landing with the greatest pleasure, for I am approaching those who will be anxiously looking out for my return; and I am returning in invigorated health, to that which, after all, is the greatest of all pleasures, when done with all one's heart, and with any degree of success—
THE BLESSING OF DAILY WORK.

THE END.